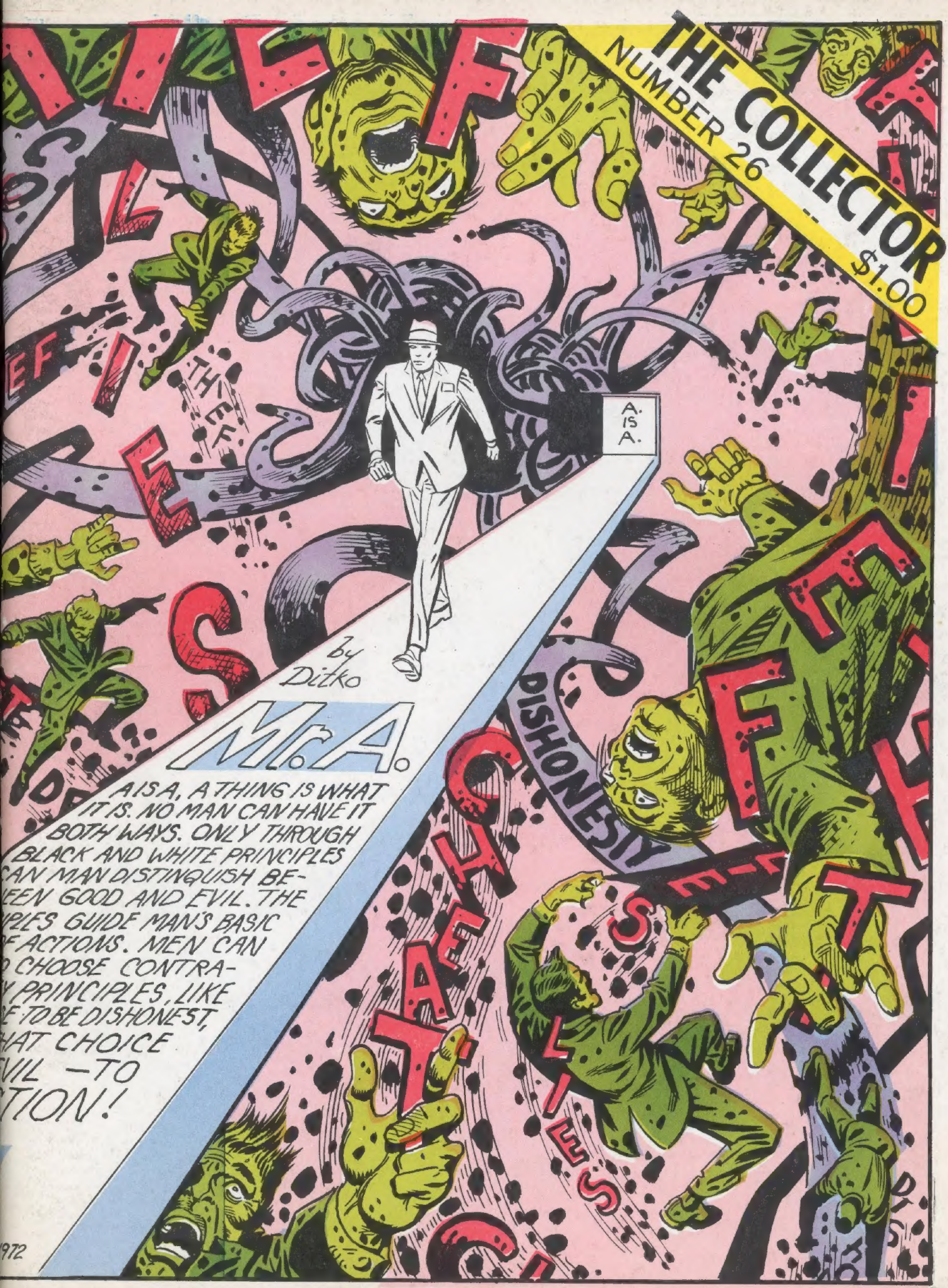
THE COLLECTOR
NUMBER 26
$1.00
A IS A.
by Ditko
M.r A.
A IS A, A THING IS WHAT IT IS. NO MAN CAN HAVE IT BOTH WAYS. ONLY THROUGH BLACK AND WHITE PRINCIPLES CAN MAN DISTINGUISH BE- TWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. THE PRINCIPLES GUIDE MAN'S BASIC OF ACTIONS. MEN CAN CHOOSE CONTRA- PRINCIPLES, LIKE TO BE DISHONEST, THAT CHOICE EVIL — TO TION!
DISHONESTY
STATISTICS
1972

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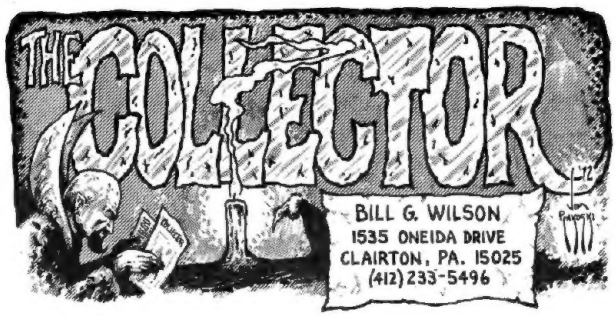

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NO MAN CAN HAVE IT BOTH WAYS! WHEN A MAN REFUSES TO UPHOLD THE TRUTH, HE BETRAYS THE GOOD! BUT HE WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH IT! HE WILL CONSTANTLY BE ON THE SCALES FEARFULLY WAITING FOR WHAT HE DREADS MOST-THE VERDICT OF JUSTICE!
REX GRAINE, AS A MAN, A REPORTER, AND AS MR. A., IS GUIDED BY THE PRINCIPLE OF JUSTICE; EVERY MAN SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED FOR WHAT HE IS AND TREATED ACCORDINGLY!
DITKO'S
MR. A
COPYRIGHT © 1972 STEVE DITKO
CRIME
MURDER
CHEAT
WHEN IS A MAN TO BE JUDGED
EVIL
JUST BECAUSE I MADE A BAD MISTAKE, AM I BLACK - TO BE FOREVER HELD AS EVIL?
IRRATIONALITY
COMPROMISE
DECIET
LIES
DISHONESTY
I'LL GET YOU, GRAINE, FOR PUTTING ME AWAY!

KOLB, THIS IS YOUR HOME FOR THE NEXT 15 YEARS!
THAT GRAINE! I SHOULD OF KILLED HIM.. AND I WILL! I SWORE I'D GIVE HIM A BULLET!
ONE ✳◎ GUY, ONE PIG-HEADED GUY WITH A BIG MOUTH! I'LL NEVER LET MYSELF FORGET EVERY WORD GRAINE SAID! HE'S TALKED HIMSELF TO DEATH! ONE GUY.. ONE ✳◎ GUY!
KOLB STAYS BY HIMSELF! HE'S CARRYING A HATE YOU CAN FEEL!
GRAINE'S WORDS.. NOW ITS SO CLEAR. YA, ONE GUY.. ALL THIS BECAUSE OF ONE GUY.. ONE ✳◎✳ GUY!
A RUINED LIFE.. ALL ONE GUY'S FAULT ✳✳ NO ONE ELSE TO BLAME!
ONE ✳◎✳✳ GUY! HE'LL PAY.. PAY.. PAY ✳◎..
1 YEAR..
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7. YEARS.
THERE IS NO ESCAPING IT! THE PRICE HAS TO BE PAID IN FULL! ONE GUY! BUT FOR ONE GUY.. I WOULD NEVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS TORTURE! ONE GUY ✳◎✳ ONE GUY!
YOUR PAROLE'S COME THROUGH, KOLB! SOON, YOU'LL BE A FREE MAN!
FREE! NEVER! BECAUSE OF ONE GUY, I'VE BEEN PUT INTO A WORSE PRISON THAN THIS ONE!
I'M LEAVING, BUT I'M STILL LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN IF I WAS IN CHAINS! ONE ✳ GUY IS GOING TO PAY IN FULL FOR EVERYTHING! HE DESERVES IT.. HIS FAULT!
NONE OF YOUR FRIENDS SHOWED UP, KOLB! MOST OF THEM ARE DEAD OR STILL IN PRISON! YOU GOT A BREAK!
GRAINE!?
2

HE'S SINKING ME..ONE GUY..DO SOMETHING!
I CAN'T BREAK GRAINE'S TESTI-MONY!
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU DID THIS TO ME..AND DON'T YOU EVER FORGET THE OTHER HALF OF A FAREWELL GIFT!
WAKE UP, KOLB, YOU DID THIS TO YOURSELF!
YOU'LL HAVE 15 YEARS TO THINK ABOUT THE TRUTH! WAS IT WHAT I SAID OR WHAT YOU DID THAT MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE? MY VOICE OR YOUR ACTIONS!
I SWEAR YOU'LL GET THE OTHER HALF..ONE GUY!
REMEMBER!? I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FORGET..
IT'S THE PAST! YOUR SLATE IS NOW CLEAN, KOLB! ONLY YOU CAN DIRTY IT AGAIN!..IF YOU'RE STILL PLANNING ON GIVING ME THE LEAD TO THIS SHELL..
I WON'T BE HIDING!
GIVE ME THAT!..
GRAINE..GRAINE ..I.. I..I..
STAY OUT OF MY SIGHT, GRAINE, JUST STAY OUT OF MY SIGHT!
BUT I CAN'T KEEP HIM OUT OF MY MIND!.. I SHOULD'VE.. NO!..MY WAY. GOING TO PAY!
I WONDER? WELL..THE NEXT MOVE WILL BE UP TO HIM!
SOMETIMES LATER..
THE DUMMY SHOULD FOOL HIM, IT'S A GOOD LIKENESS!
HE FELL FOR IT..TRAPPED HIMSELF!
WHA..
BANG!
A FLASH PHOTO. HIRED KILLER! IT WILL PUT YOU OUT OF BUSI-NESS!
MR.A.!
NOW YOU'RE KNOWN TO ME..YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
I'LL KILL ANYONE WHO TRIES TO TAKE ME!
4.

KOLB, YOU HAVE TO HELP ME.. NO OTHER PLACE TO GO..
I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM ME! GET LOST! I'M GOING STRAIGHT!
IT'S NOT THE LAW.. A DOPE FIEND... HE'S GOT A GUN! PLEASE... SAVE ME!
NO! YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS MESS - BAIL YOURSELF OUT! SCRAM! I'M STAYING CLEAN!
..TOO LATE!.. WE'RE BOTH TRAPPED.. FINISHED?.. J..JUST KNOCK HIM OUT.. I'LL DRAG HIM OUTTA' HERE.. PLEASE...
I DON'T DO ANYTHING AND I'M IN THE MIDDLE NO CHOICE..
DON'T HURT ME.. PLEASE..GIMME' A BREAK..
YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU DESERVE..
NO MATTER HOW THIS TURNS OUT..I COULD BE FINISHED FOR GOOD?
BECAUSE OF THESE TWO, AGAIN, I'M PLAYING GAMES WITH MY LIFE THAT I CAN'T WIN..THIS ALONE SINKS ME
JUST!
NOW IT CAN BE DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE PEN..THERE IS NO ERASING THIS YOU HAD TO GET INTO MY LIFE
NOW YOU TWO GET.. ..HEY!? WHITE SUIT!.. IS..IS THAT MR. A?
ONLY UNTIL I CUT HIS THROAT..
YOU LIED.. TRICKED ME..
IT WORKED! IF IT BOTHERS YOU, I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE FULL CREDIT FOR GETTING RID OF MR. A.!
YOU CAN'T KILL HIM!
YOU CRAZY! HE LIVES AND YOU'RE BACK IN THE PEN..GOOD OR EVIL - THAT'S HIS CODE! YOU'LL GET NO BREAKS FROM HIM! MR. A. DIES AND YOU LIVE-FREE!
I..I DIDN'T KNOW.. OH GOD! AGAIN ITS HAPPENING.. LIKE ALWAYS.. ONLY ONE GUY'S FAULT- MINE...NO! NO..NO...
5

NO! I WON'T LET YOU KILL HIM..GIVE!
YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ME!
NO, DON'T
MR. A. IS GOING TO BE GOOD AND DEAD!
I'M NOT TRYING ANYTHING! I KNOW, TO YOU, I'M AS BLACK AND EVIL AS THEY COME! YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING!
NO, KOLB, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A SPECK OF GREY- YOU'RE STILL WHITE!
WHA..!? AFTER WHAT I DID.. TO YOU!?
YOU DID NOT DELIBERATELY COMMIT AN EVIL ACT! WHEN YOU RECOGNIZED YOUR MISTAKE YOU TRIED TO CORRECT IT..READY TO PAY WHATEVER CONSEQUENCES IT MIGHT HAVE FOR YOU! SO YOU HAVE EARNED EVERY CONSIDERATION! BUT THOSE WHO COMMIT EVIL AND REFUSE TO CORRECT THEIR ERRORS ARE TREATED FOR WHAT THEY ARE-WILLING ACCOMPLICES OF EVIL! FOR THE TRAITORS OF THE GOOD THERE IS NO MERCY...NO FORGIVENESS.. NO CONSIDERATION!
DON'T INSIST ON PAYING FOR WRONGS YOU HAVE NOT DONE! TREAT YOURSELF WITH JUSTICE! SEEK OUT THE TRUTH IN WHAT YOU DO AND JUDGE YOURSELF ACCORDINGLY! NO EXCUSES FOR THE EVIL.. NO REGRETS FOR THE GOOD!
THEY PUT ME ON PAROLE BUT I WOULDN'T LET MYSELF OUT OF SOLITARY! YOU OPENED THE DOOR FOR ME, MR. A.!
WALK OUT! YOU'VE PAID YOUR DEBT! DON'T KEEP BURDENING YOURSELF WITH UNEARNED GUILT AND SELF HATE! THERE IS NO REASON TO SUFFER FOR DOING RIGHT.. FOR BEING GOOD!
YAH! I WAS HATING AND PUNISHING MYSELF..EVER SINCE IT BECAME CLEAR TO ME THAT I WAS THE ONE GUY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FOULED UP LIFE!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE KILLER YOU WON'T BE BOTHERED BY THIS CONNECTION WITH HIM!
THANKS! AND NOW I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HALF A PRESENT I SWORE I'D DELIVER!
IRRATIONAL!!
CHEAT
THIEF
Draine, I promised you would get the other half. This squares our account. Thanks to you, I got the best of the deal. Kolb.
END ...
6

LOGO BY DON NEWTON

Overseas distributor:
NICK LANDAU
10 Ladbroke Walk
London W11 3PW
ENGLAND

EDITORIAL

BILL WILSON

Eight pages into this fine issue, only to come across the editorial page, MUST be a let-down to many a reader! Well, that won't stop me. At least give me a little credit for leaving STEVE DITKO's fantastic wraparound blend in with the Mr. A strip without a disappointing editorial sandwiched in-between... The idea was to keep the reader's interest in Mr. A continuous, and follow up with the editorial immediately after. (It was also a break from the usual format, and much needed.)

If you're a regular TC reader, or have at least seen issue #24's excellent con report by TOM FAGAN, you'll realize immediately that this is no con issue.You won't see another con issue, either.The response to #24 was overwhelming, but the tremendous amount of work involved to put together such a "diary" of the con's events is much too much to ever attempt again. I'll merely rest on the laurels of #24's fine achievement, and look forward to the con coverage in other fanzines in the future. Secondly, if you're an avid reader of details on contents pages, you'll notice that I've stated TC as being "published irregularly". The decision came due to the abundance of time and effort needed to put together this issue. If I am to continue publishing TC in this larger, $1.00 format, more time than I'd previously counted on will be needed to succeed with a professional-looking magazine for a reasonable price. The irregular schedule, whether it be more frequent than before or not, will depend on response and orders for this issue. The sooner this issue shows signs of reaching the sell-out stage, the next issue will get underway. As it looks now, #27 should be out sometime early next year, or sooner.

Now, a word about this issue's price, page, and interior color increase. I'm well aware of the feelings of many comic fans toward fanzines costing $1.00 and up, but I feel that, with this issue, I've provided enough high-quality work, enough pages, and enough interior color to match (or even surpass) comparably-priced fanzines. We're not out to rob an unsuspecting public with a "slick" prozine. No matter what the price, the size, or amount of professional work contained in TC, it will ALWAYS remain a FANzine. I think that KENNETH SMITH's comments on page 38 of this issue really point out fandom's sometimes-distorted values of quality and price because of newsstand magazines. Sure, comic books or any of the black & white magazines offer much more high-quality material for a cheap price, but they're produced in millions and millions of copies, NOT thousands, as with fanzines, and they are produced by people who, for the most, part, work on them 8 hours a day as a profession, not 3 or 4 as a hobby. What it comes down to is this: For the money, this issue is STILL a bargain!

Many thanks to ALAN LIGHT for his permission to reproduce the cover of TBG #13 as our color centerfold this issue which, again, features the mysterious anonymous character prominent in many fanzines of late. The illustration below, though perhaps not the REAL unmasking of JOHN FANTUCCHIO's character WILL perhaps show John that many readers are looking forward to the official announcement...and have been since TC#13! But, while we wait, ponder this: John's character ALWAYS turns up, most prominently, in a #13 issue. Could this be a clue to his origin? And, how about this: The character appears with his feline "friend" in our FIRST color centerfold; and this is issue #26. 26 is twice 13, so the "pattern", though modified, still fits. (Could John be forcing me into interpretations similar to those of Dave Fryxell and Bill Reynolds in our last issue?)

And so, we come to the end of another editorial; but this one has had a certain significance: it's my 26th, and this issue marks the beginning of my sixth year of publishing TC,one of the longest-running zines around.It's been fun, and I hope enjoyable for you... Here's to six MORE years!

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BATMAN: FROM THE 30's TO THE 70's,introduction by E. Nelson Bridwell, published by Crown Publishers, Inc., New York City 388 pages, $10.00.

Mixed feelings have been expressed about this long-awaited book...long- awaited, that is, by those more than casually interested in comic books in general and Batman in particular.

However, good or bad, the book is finally here. Crown, the publisher, on the book jacket, describes it as "unique Americana." They also give the date of the Batman's debut as 1937. But what's two years, more or less, to concern the average reader.

Bridwell, though, sets the record straight and correctly lists the momentous date as 1939, much to the relief of the true Batmanian. What's even better, is that Bridwell follows through with a carefully researched history taking into account the activities of Bruce Wayne in his 30-year role as The Batman. An eight -page introduction capsulates this history, following which are Batman stories reprinted from comics old and new.

Included are the golden age origin tales of Batman and Robin. As for the rest of the stories, their appeal depends upon individual reader interest and inclination.

Comic book collectors will wish for more examples of the earliest stories, and for good reason too, since original copies now command a fantastically high purchase price. Others will argue that too much emphasis is given the "short-Schiff" tales of the 50's.....Batman's blackest moment both story and art wise.

Purists will argue that "classics" adventures have been neglected, while a big play has been given such papish characters as "Ace The Bat Hound," "Batwoman," and yes, even "Batmite."

Neither National nor Bridwell were given complete control over the selection of stories. Had this been done,perhaps, many readers would have been far more content and delighted with the final published product.

Be that as it may, the stories do present a history. (And there were readers who liked Ace, Batwoman, and Batmite ...) In this sense, then, the book is de -signed to please the masses...not to cater to the few. As such it is a good book.

For those disappointed by content, there is always hope that someday Nation -al or somebody will reprint the "golden stories" in editions that everyone can afford. Until that time, Crown has presented a fine sampling for a reasonable price.

LOVECRAFT: A LOOK BEHIND THE "CTHULHU MYTHOS," by Lin Carter, published by Ballantine Books, New York City, 230 pages, $0.95.

Any ardent H.P. Lovecraft enthusiast, to whom the 'master' and his 'mythos' means much more than casual read -ing pleasure, is bound to react violently to this popple in paperback.

One's immediate response is a sus -picion that the printer has inadvertently left off part of the title..that by rights, sorely needed are the additional words: "IN THE OPINION OF LIN CARTER!"

Interested in The Batman? Curious about Cthulhu? Wonder about the black & white magic of the 'silent serial' in its hey-day? Want to make the acquaintance of a dragon who needs all the friends he can get? -- Well then-- four books all currently on sale, have been published, with you--the discerning reader--in mind.

BATMAN meets CTHULHU
by TOM FAGAN

The 'look behind' (Carter version ...) is opinionated from beginning to end. Carter gives the impression of a man who has read much and absorbed lit -tle. Some of the observations he presents are valid, but there are far too many that are unduly harsh, & unrightfully so.

One expects to learn about the My -thos and to some extent one does.However, in tiresome foray the Linley Car -ter guns are leveled on aspects of Lovecraft's personal tastes and dislikes. Gleefully, he dissects Lovecraft the man, in a fashion piecemeal and more often than not...picayune.

Writers are judged on what they have written, not what they might have written. Though Lovecraft's productivity wasn't prodigious (by Linley Carter standards), he did after all, create, as the book jacket proclaims:

"The background of a Myth that has captured a generation."

Carter chides Lovecraft's penchant for letter-writing over that of "disciplined " story-writing. Yet Lovecraft's letters not only spurred on several important fantasy writers still with us today, but the letters were of such quality, they have been collected and thus far published in 3 separate thick volumes, with more to follow.

Alongside this HPL feat, Carters remark that he himself does not deign to write or answer many letters seems inane indeed.

This is but a sad sample of "Car -terisms" scattered in profusion thru -out the 200 and more pages. With ` less Carter and more attention to wri -ting style, the book could easily be telescoped to half its present size, and still be a contribution to the lore surrounding Lovecraft.

After a weighing and sifting of the book's content, one realizes he's been told as much about Carter as he has about Lovecraft...perhaps even more.

One glaring fact emerges from a thoughtful reading: Linley Carter is no Howard Phillips Lovecraft..... nor will he ever be!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK: A HISTORY OF THE MOVING PICTURE SERIAL, by Kalton C. Lahue, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 293 pages, $6.95.

Originally published in 1964 and enjoying a second printing in 1969, this book is a welcome and necessary addition to the library shelf of anyone interested in the history of the American cinema and its foundling child...the serial.

Be forewarned though, the book does not deal with the serials of the like of Captain Marvel, Copperhead, Batman, and other Saturday afternoon

thrillers of the 40's and early 50's. No, this is a lively tome dealing with the grandfather of these.... the silent serial.

And it's good reading, as author Lahue catapaults his audience headlong back into those golden days existing within 1914 and 1930, when the silent serial was a mainstay of the American film industry. Not only did the serials entertain, they packed them in at the box-office as millions of Americans cheered and hissed, depending on how the forces of justice were triumphing in each individual chapter.

Lahue writes of the memorable & least remembered silent serials alike to recreate this fascinating history. They're all there in this delightful book...Pearl White again escapes danger in time for next week's peril.The Green Archer once more draws his bow back to the breaking point. The villainous "Red Fox" is again the bane of Secret Servicemen and trusting womanfolk.

And while critics thundered and pointed accusing fingers at these chapter plays, the public went right on enjoying them. Like any other entertainment form worthy of that name, the silent serials were loved by the masses and despised by a few. Yes, Lahue tells it beautifully and,what's more, indexes it authoratively for posterity.

A MONSTER IS LOOSE! --- IN TOKYO, by Vernon Grant, published by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc. of Rutland, Vermont, 72 pages, $1.75.

Monster mania has been rampart in Japan since the 1950's when the To-ho Studio released its internationally known film, "Godzilla," but it remained until now for an American cartoonist to transfer the craze into comic strip form.

For a loveable little monster, who delights in flashing the peace sign, is the hero of Grant's strip that appears in this Tut Book paperback. Does everyone take to the scaly scalawag, when armed with a U.S. passport (where else do monsters come from?) he deplanes at Tokyo's Haneda Air-port?

Well readers will, but not so Japanese customs officials and police authorities who are in constant pursuit once the dragon's "costume" is found to be for "real." And as Grant keeps his not-so-reluctant dragon always one claw ahead, he at the same time pokes gentle fun at Japanese customs and officialdom.

To quote Grant, who is now doing a graduate thesis on a Japanese comic strip, "Japanese illustrators are the greatest action artists I've ever seen." He adds further, "In my monster book, I've tried to apply composition angles unused by American cartoonists...angles I've learned here in Japan."

From any angle, *A MONSTER IS LOOSE --- IN TOKYO,* is a very funny book. Loaded with laughs, it's well worth the asking price.

THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

KEN BARR

Ken Barr Biography
For: The Collector
5/9/72

HAMILTON, BERMUDA

The City of Glasgow on the River Clyde, industrial inferno of two million of Her Majesty's subjects, and sulking sister of prettier, festive Edinburgh, Scotland's capitol, has all the aesthetic appeal and baroque splendour of Pittsburgh or Newark. And, in the 1930's, besides the spectre of unemployment, was embarrassed by grime, slums, and an unenviable reputation as host for the infamous "Razor Gangs".

My father, who had been with the Red Cross in World War I, and whose army service consisted of gathering and identifying the debris of military hopes and errors at Ypres, Verdun, and the Somme, left for America after the Armistice. He spent the intervening years as an itinerant sign painter, drifting between New York and Montanna, until he found his way back to Glasgow a year or two before I was born in 1933 (probably feeling that in a Depression, he might as well be depressed with relatives).

Second eldest of five boys, I had hardly found my way to the local cinema (where favourites included Hopalong Cassidy, Clyde Beatty, Flash Gordon, and Jackie Cooper), when war was declared with Germany on September 3, 1939. The three eldest (aged 5, 6 and 7) were sent off to safety in the Scottish Highlands, to avoid the bombing which a city like Glasgow anticipated - and received.This move was ironic, because as the war progressed, the north of Scotland became, among other scenic delights, a submarine base, aircraft rocket test range, antiaircraft training ground, and British commando and American special forces (Darby's Rangers) training area.

We three returned to the rubble in 1945, and found that most of the family had survived. My father, a competent signwriter, had acquired the account of Red Hackle Scotch Whiskey (now available in the U.S.), involving hundreds of signs throughout the city. Since the signs included a warrior in Highland costume,he, being no artist, recruited me to illustrate this figure. This I did, on numerous occasions, until my career as a child prodigy was terminated by the police, the education authorities, and irate citizens who were all for lynching him for exploiting a minor.

Two years later, I left school to commence a six-year apprenticeship with a poster and sign company, since by then I had expressed a strong desire to draw and while evacuated had been introduced to American comics by friends with relatives in the U.S., and by U.S. service men stationed in Britain. I used to draw feverishly from these comics,which tended to be (and still are) far more exciting than British comics, which are interesting and informative, but less imaginative. My favourites here were Batman, Superman, Capt. Marvel Jr.,Doll Man, and a character called - I think- the Gay Ghost (they wouldn't *dare* revive *him* - or would they?).

For six years, I laboured mightily, in the basement of the sign shop, learning the subtleties of serif, sanserid, monogram, copperplate, and freestyle script, on lettering 1/2" to six feet high. This "Phantom of the Opera" existence was relieved by sneaking in, between sign orders, oil enlargements of comic panels from the work of Burne Hogarth, Virgil Finlay, Hal Foster, and endless portraits of movie stars. For entertainment, the cellar became flooded during every downpour (Glaswegians believe their city was built over Atlantis - and presumably will share the same fate.).

In 1953, I returned from two years'military service, of which 1 1/2 years was spent in Egypt and adjacent areas. British Army training resulted in shipping troops alternatively to the Middle East and Korea. I drew fly-infested, camel-dunged Egypt, and warfare was of the more insidious kind - an ice - pick in the darkened intimacy of the theatre (British Go Home), steel wire stretched across the road, and general theft,sabotage, and murder.

I was informed on my return (jobs were scarce) by the foreman, with great solemnity, that my training was now completed, that I would receive full pay of £5 ($14) per week, and had the privelege of addressing him by his first name.

The thought of spending my carreer in in this Victorian fire-trap appalled me so, returning his steady gaze,I informed him in crisp Gaelic, where the hell to put his plans for my future.The next night I took a bus to London. (I was better off in the Army. Trade pay,overseas allowance, and serqeant's pay alone came to more money, without including clothing and accommodation.) This action was justified, as I immediately landed a job with the J. Arthur Rank Organization's studio, involving lettering on acetate, cartooning, and design for theatre advertising, all at a much more encouraging salary.

London is a fascinating place. The years I spent there, acquiring wider studio skills, enabled me to improve my earnings, but good art materials, books on perspective and anatomy (mostly by Andrew Loomis), copies of The Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, etc., and to practice illustrating.

About this time, I decided to take up Judo. I had come out of the Army in good shape, and wanted to keep active, since my occupation otherwise was lacking in exercise. This turned out to be a wise choice, since (a) I had a markedly aggressive disposition, (b) the study of figures in conflict improved my drawing of action and anatomy, and (c) there was always the means, should the need arise, to grapple with a reluctant client, for my fee.

I also had, since the war years, a consuming interest in aircraft. As well as building and flying radio-controlled aeroplanes, this specialized knowledge became extremely useful when I became a WW II combat artist.

Around 1958, I felt I had acquired enough ability as an illustrator to approach magazine publishers with my sample covers and inside art. That year,Peter Hamilton of *Nebula Science Fiction*, published my first colour cover and story art. I did a few more covers and line art for *Nebula* (which had been started in 1952) before the magazine folded, in 1960, with the declining health of the publisher.

I had also in 1958 taken the plunge and become a freelance artist, doing mainly advertising, design, lettering, and occasional line art. This kind of work pro-vided a very good income, and although I wanted to become a full-time illustrator, I had no wish to sacrifice a comfortable lifestyle, to take my chances on what little ability I had then in the coveted field of illustration.

The big break came for me from the massive publishing house of D.C. Thomson in Dundee, Scotland - a company established for 120 years, producing 50 different magazines a month, a chain of national newspapers, hardback books, etc. I began doing 64-page, 150-picture pocket novels in line, as well as colour covers,in romance, adventure, and finally WW II combat "Commando" series, for which I designed the logo and had a monopoly on the cover art.

For ten years, until I emigrated to the U.S.A. in late 1967,and for a few months after, I produced for this company tens of thousands of line and wash drawings, and 450-500 cover paintings for their publications. In short, the bulk of artwork necessary to an artist to slowly evolve and develop his drawing and technique. It is the policy of this company to cultivate its artists from Scotland, and to encourage and inspire them with good pay and ample work, instead of competing for the world's illustrators.

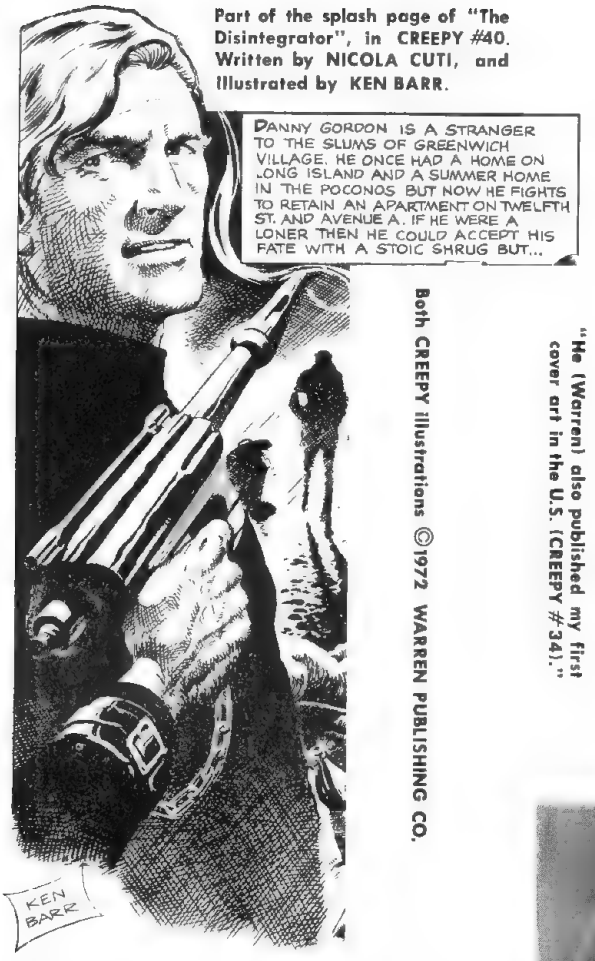
With my American wife Kathy, whom I met while on a holiday in the U.S. in 1966, I settled in Bergen County, New Jersey. Unfamiliar with the illustration market in the U.S., I fell back on advertising and studio art until I was able to locate sources of illustration. Earnings for an artist in the U.S. are incredibly superior to Europe, and advertising art paid so well that I delayed somewhat my efforts to seek story illustration.

The comic book field had a nostalgic appeal to me, and I was directed by a friend of a friend to Carmine Infantino of National Periodicals, who introduced me to Joe Kubert. Working with Joe was, indeed, a pleasure. He is easy to respect as a man, and as an artist. We worked together for about a year, during which time I did numerous Battle Albums, Warriors, and story art. It became apparent to me, however, that the technique I was used to in British comics was uneconomical (colour is not much used, so more cross-hatching and mechanical tints often resulted in a muddied look when colour was added). I could not make this work pay, and found myself unwilling to adapt my own methods to the simplified lighting approach this medium requires.

I had located other sources of illustration - film strips, men's magazines, and increased quantities in advertising.Warren's magazines seemed to offer a more suitable outlet for my technique,as well as a chance to be imaginative in both story detail and treatment. He also published my first cover art in the U.S. (*Creepy* #34).

Over the last five years in the U.S., my limited but interested involvement in the American comic scene has produced some observations, for what they are worth,which may interest *The Collector*'s readers.

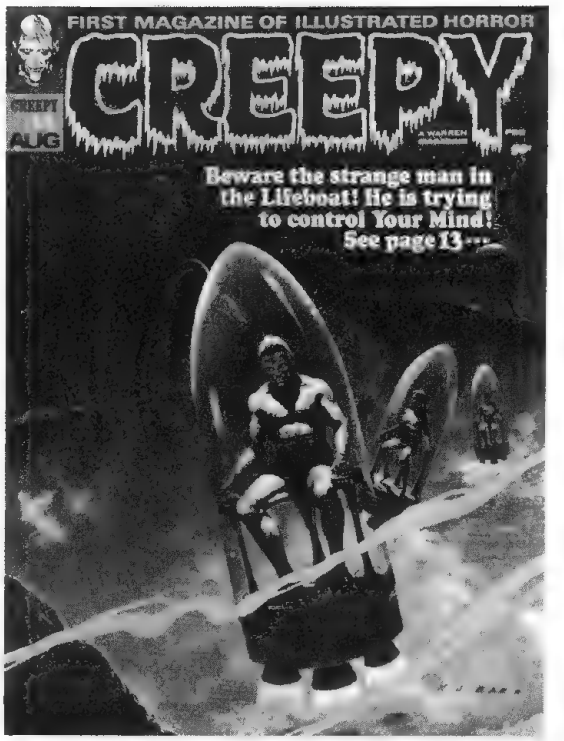
The great E.C. witch hunt of the fifties in the U.S., was pursued with equal fury in Britain. Living in London at the time I remember the outcry on TV, radio, and the newspapers.American comics are widely distributed in Europe, and offending public taste seems to produce a universal reaction. The best and worst of comic art and writing can be found in E.C. comics. The pros and cons are still being argued, but any entertainment medium which seeks commercial success,let alone aspires to become an art form,cannot af-


DANNY GORDON IS A STRANGER TO THE SLUMS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE. HE ONCE HAD A HOME ON LONG ISLAND AND A SUMMER HOME IN THE POCONOS. BUT NOW HE FIGHTS TO RETAIN AN APARTMENT ON TWELFTH ST. AND AVENUE A. IF HE WERE A LONER THEN HE COULD ACCEPT HIS FATE WITH A STOIC SHRUG BUT...
KEN BARR

Part of the splash page of "The Disintegrator", in CREEPY #40. Written by NICOLA CUTI, and illustrated by KEN BARR.

Both CREEPY illustrations ©1972 WARREN PUBLISHING CO.

"He (Warren) also published my first cover art in the U.S. (CREEPY #34)."


FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR
CREEPY
AUG
Beware the strange man in the Lifeboat! He is trying to control Your Mind!
See page 13

ford to disregard the public opinion of its time. The lingering odour of E.C.'s attitude crippled the comic image, and stunted the careers of many artists and writers of real talent.

On the brighter side, the emergence of the comic book from the Dark Ages owes a great deal to the inspiring craftsmanship of Adams, Goodwin, Maroto, Giordano, Thomas, and the better work of Morrow, de Zuniga, O'Neil and Gene Colan. The industry has more than its share of weirdos, exhibitionists and ragamuffins, but it it is very much alive and well. Its problem seems to be a lack of direction, rather than a lack of energy, despite James Warren's pessimistic thunderings to the contrary from the pulpit of the Statler Hilton.

Undoubtedly, one of the most interesting aspects of the Comic Cult is Fandom and its projects. No such world exists in Britain to *any* extent (to my knowledge), and this child/mutation of the American comic industry, beset by growing pains, and ignored by the publishing world, large and small, will have the same effect as television did on Hollywood. Publishers of comic books and related fields, steeped in the tradition of "safety", dissipate their energies over what their competitors are doing, and are responsible only to their shareholders. In attempting to bend creative people to assembly-line productivity, they will inevitably succumb to blindness, sterility, insecurity, and a loss of quality ideas through inbreeding in the board room.

WARRIOR
HISTORY'S MIGHTIEST MEN OF COMBAT!
CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCE INDIANS OF IDAHO WAS ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT COMMANDERS IN AMERICAN INDIAN HISTORY. AGAINST VASTLY SUPERIOR ODDS, HE ATTEMPTED TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE TO FREEDOM IN CANADA.
AFTER A SERIES OF HARD-FOUGHT RUNNING BATTLES, HIS CAMP WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE AT CLEARWATER RIVER...AND ONLY HIS GREAT GENERALSHIP SAVED HIS RAVAGED TRIBE.
CHIEF JOSEPH
FIGHTING AGAINST GATTLING GUNS AND HOWITZERS WITH ONLY BOWS AND ARROWS, CHIEF JOSEPH FINALLY SURRENDERED JUST SHORT OF THE CANADIAN BORDER. BUT--HIS TINY, RAGGED ARMY HAD NEVER BEEN BEATEN IN THE FIELD!
KEN BARR

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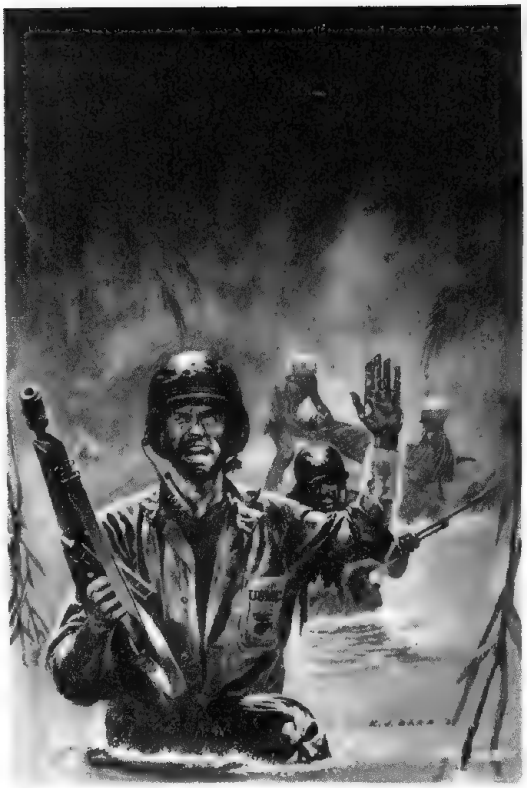
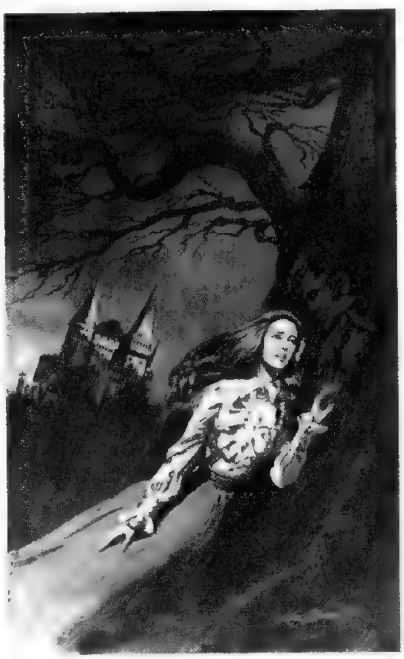


One final word, since this is my first, and probably last, appearance on the soapbox. As an artist, still and forever trying to make the next illustration better than the previous one, it saddens me to see so many talented comic artists capable of far better work, who for economical or personal reasons, have deteriorated to becoming little more than comic-page factories. This, I know, is a matter between the artist and his conscience, but personally, I would rather go live in a commune and grow vegetables than look back in retirement to a mountain of mediocre art.



DAWN IN ENGLAND..AND AN AMERICAN PILOT APPROACHES HIS WAITING MUSTANG...
WELL, JUNIOR--TODAYS THE BIG DAY!
KEN BARR
AT THE SAME TIME IN OCCUPIED FRANCE, A GERMAN PILOT SALUTES HIS FOCKE-WULF..
THIS DAY IS DER TAG, MY COMRADE!
YEAH, JUNIOR TODAY IS WHEN THE TWO OF US BECOME AN ACE--IF WE GET JUST ONE MORE SHIP! AND I'M NOT COMING BACK UNTIL I DO!
JA, MY COMRADE, JUST ONE MORE KILL TODAY--AND MY SCORE WILL MAKE ME AN ACE! I MAKE AN OATH...
NOT TO RETURN... UNTIL I DESTROY THE ALLIED PLANE THAT WILL MAKE US BOTH AN ACE!

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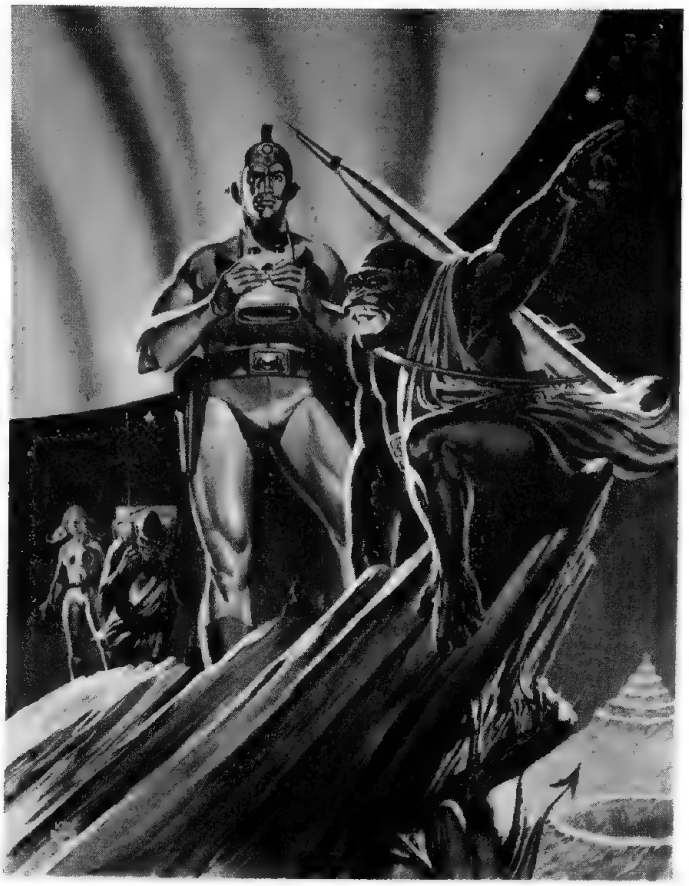


My involvement in art for the comic field, at present and for the future, will be through selected fanzines, occasional art for Warren magazines, my good friends at *Phase*, for what they require of me, occasional posters and eventual portfolio, and the exhilerating, carnival atmosphere at the July Cons in New York. My professional inclinations have progressed into the fields of original paintings for private collectors, publishing concepts, and advertising graphics, thanks to guidance from my agent towards more rewarding outlets, personally and financially.

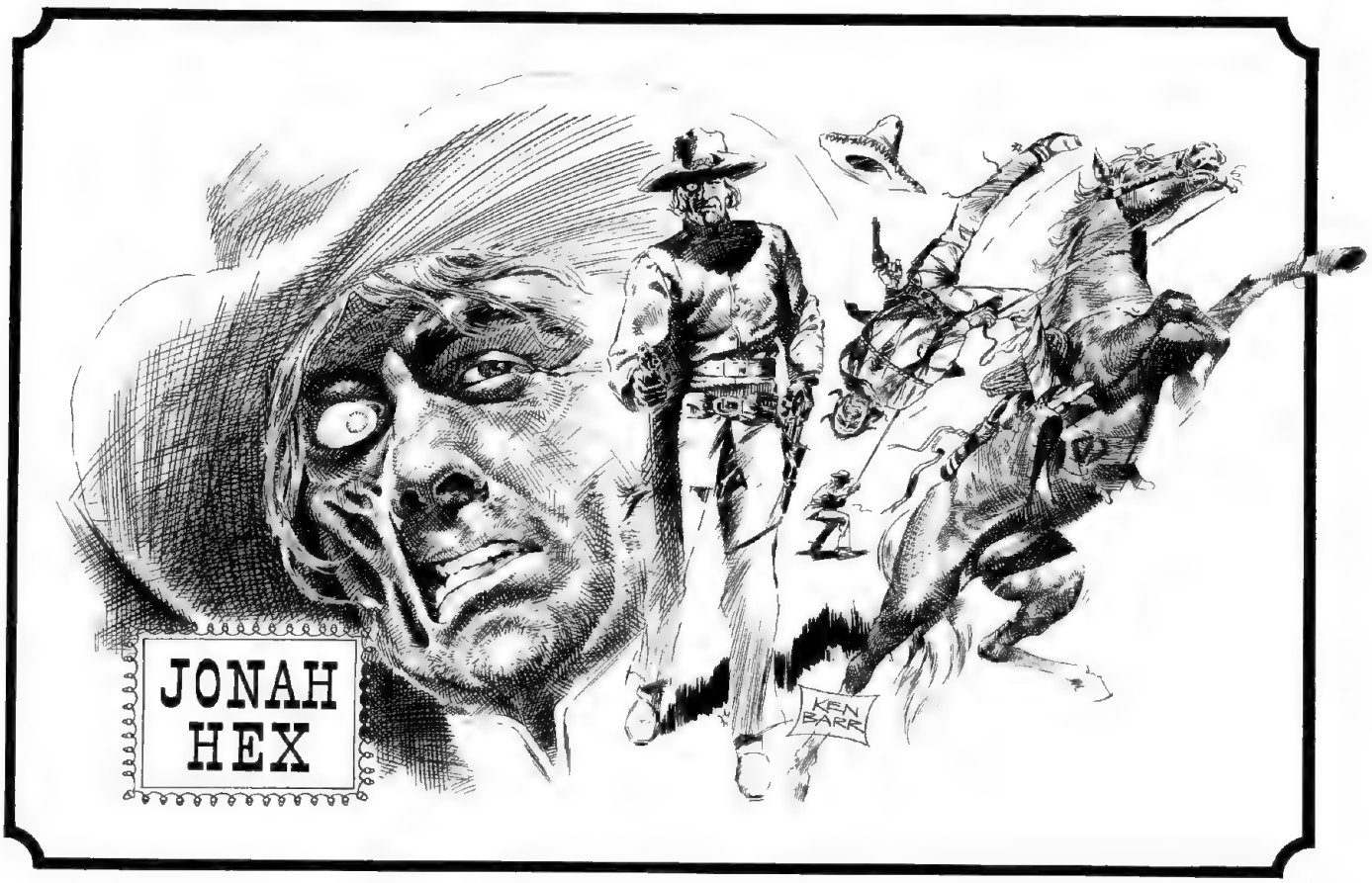
I would like to thank publisher Bill Wilson for his kind invitation to me to contribute to *The Collector*.It astonishes and moves me that here in the U.S., people are interested in the artist as well as his work. The luxury of personal assertiveness isn't encouraged in Europe (work is usually not permitted to be signed), and artists are required to be content merely to be employed.

Peace.

Ken Barr

My thanks to KEN BARR for his fine work on the autobiography and accompanying illustrations, ERNEST TOTH for supplying the photos of Ken's paintings, JOE KUBERT for supplying the proofs of the DC comic book work, and JAMES WARREN for his permission to reproduce illustrations from CREEPY.

--Bill G. Wilson



Kline '72

DEEP IN THE RECESSES OF AN UNEXPLORED AFRICAN JUNGLE, A SMALL SAFARI MAKES SLOW PROGRESS THROUGH TRACKLESS FOLIAGE... AS THE HEAVY MANTLE OF GREEN BLOTS OUT THE TORRID SUN-LIGHT ABOVE...
K-812

TARZAN PORTFOLIO

PRESENTING SEVERAL INTERPRETATIONS OF THE LEGENDARY APE-MAN BY:

JOE KUBERT
DON NEWTON
STEVE FABIAN

Thanks to JOE KUBERT for supplying the comic book material.

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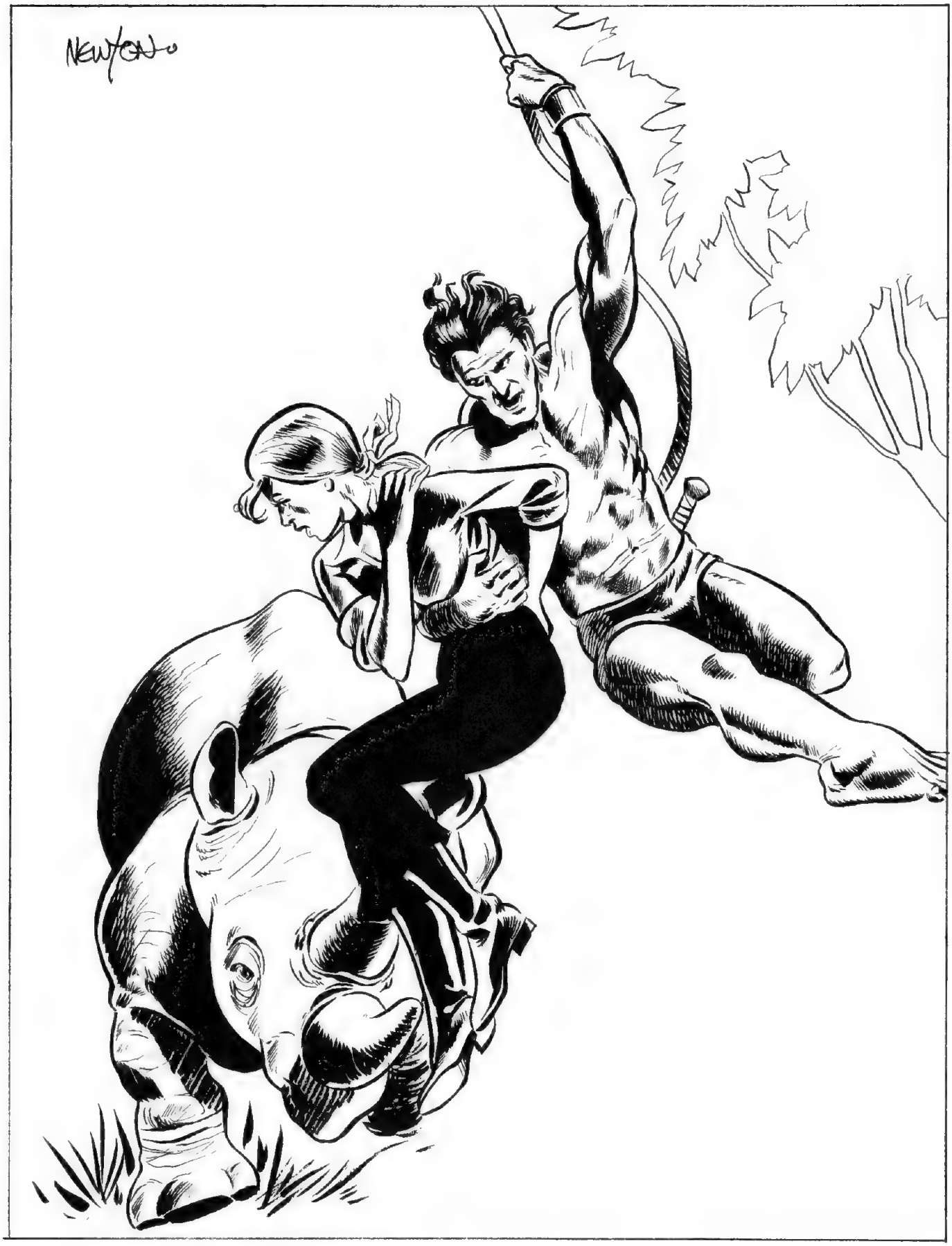
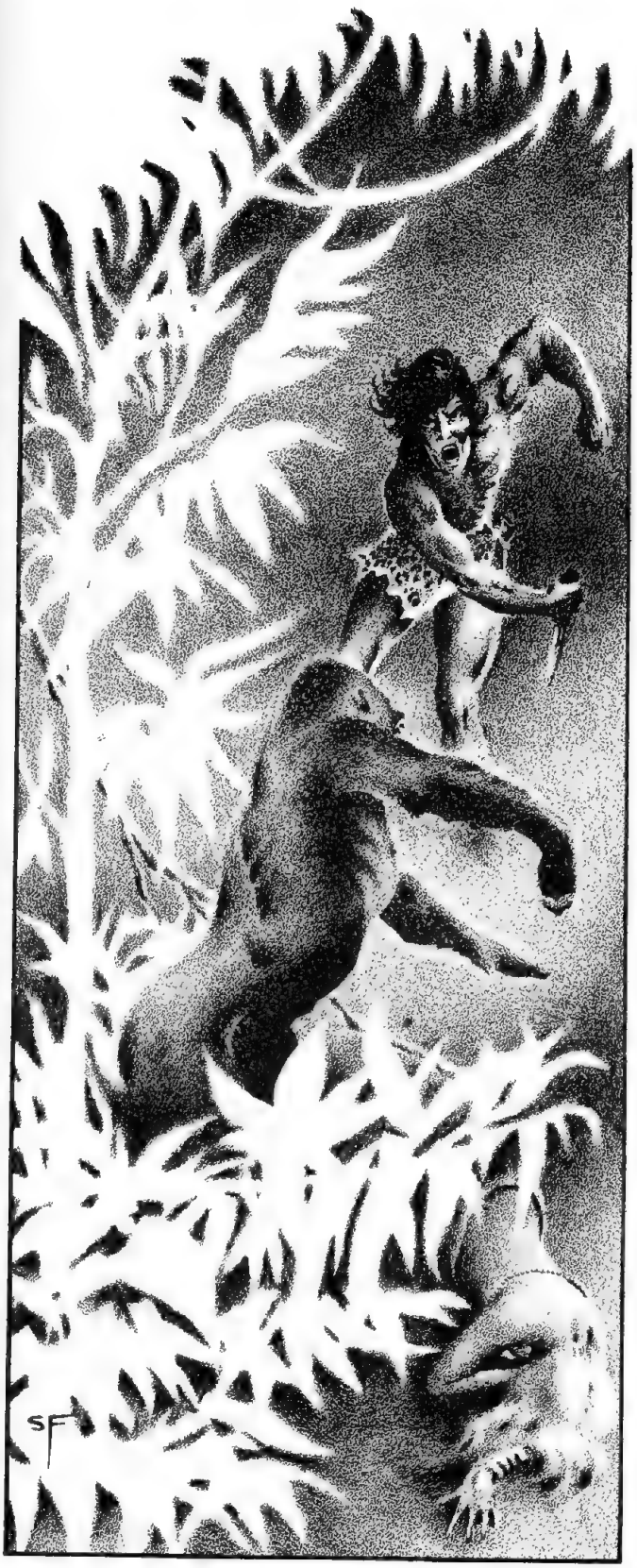

NEWTON



Opposite page: Tarzan in action, by DON NEWTON.
Above: JOE KUBERT's Tarzan, from the cover of #1.
Left: STEVE FABIAN's version of the ape-man.

OODLES of DOODLES

by

OUR OWN DYNAMIC DELINEATOR

FANDOM'S FANTUCCHIO

In the years that I have contributed to the annals of comic fandom, one question arises more than others from comic art buffs: "John, when you're not creating covers and spot illos for fanzines, what do you do in your spare time?" Well guys, here's your answer: I doodle... I doodle most anytime and most anywhere - while listening to my record collection and sipping Benedictine, or watching a re-run rerun on TV, in corner booths in restaurants by flickering candlelight on paper napkins (not on cloth, of course), on the sea or in the air, with whatever scraps of paper or instruments are on hand. I'm fascinated with the marvelous textured surfaces and varied accidental lines that can be achieved with this unplanned procedure. The unpredictability of absorbant paper napkins, wax paper that allows ink to slip and slide, and even the tooth of very fine sandpaper are a challenge.

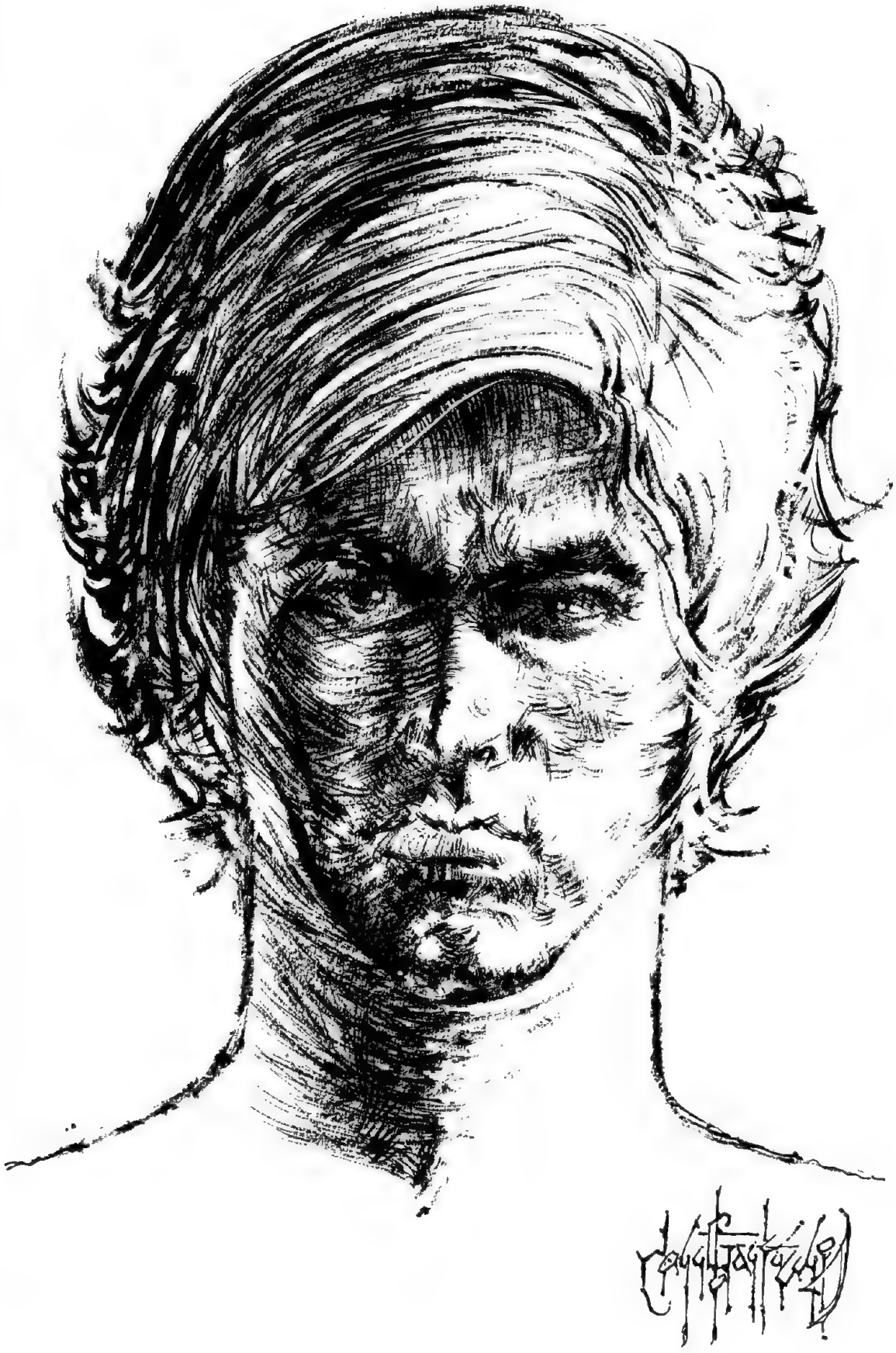
My doodles are of varied subject matter, depending on my moods or interests at a given time or location. In the pages to follow I've selected and arranged a series of doodles—sketches which have pleased me and are oriented toward the comic vein. It is important that these sketches are not judged for what they represent in subject matter. Rather, take time to study and evaluate the quality of the varied lines. Notice how some lines quiver, some are broken. Angular lines tell us of action or stress. Those that are circular or form spiral effects or are a continuous flow connote calm. The temperment of the artist is well revealed, much the way handwriting discloses a person's nature.

Getting into greater depth, one can read into the lines and find which are confident and assertive, and which are searching, unsteady, and insecure. Perhaps doodling relieves inner tensions, illuminates suppressed desires and unadorns the very soul of the delineator.

This would prove an interesting experiment for you to participate in. Collect your sketches and doodles that are produced during the next month or two. Put them aside for a time; then review them with a fresh, impartial eye. Study those lines, which at one time meant nothing, and you may discover something about yourself that you never knew or dared to admit.

Try it!!

Your comments on "Doodles of Doodles" —pro or con— are invited. Drop a line to me, John G. Fantucchio, in care of The Collector.



THE BY-PRODUCTS OF ADVENTURE

by BILL CANTEY

TOM MIX says:
22 WAYS TO SIGNAL YOUR FRIENDS WITH MY NEW SUPER INVENTION
THE SIGNAL ARROWHEAD
4-TUBE TRAIN WHISTLE—2 TONE FIRE SIREN—DETECTIVE GLASS THAT MAKES THINGS 3 TIMES BIGGER—MAGIC LENS THAT MAKES THINGS LOOK TINY—ALL IN ONE HANDY POCKET PIECE!—ALL FOR ONLY 15¢ and one Shredded Ralston box top.
And you also get the Secret Code I use to signal Straight Shooters on my radio program.
IT'S REALLY NEAT! JUST THE RIGHT SIZE FOR POCKET OR PURSE!
SPECIAL SIREN! Two tones! Sounds just like a police car siren. Use it to find your dad, call your gang together, signal for help. You can hear it a long way!
DETECTIVE MAGNIFYING GLASS! Makes things 3 times larger. You can read astrology pinpricked on postage stamps, study clues, insect stamps or hold in tail behind law and flash the signals
SECRET CODE WHISTLE! Good and loud! You can make 16 different sounds by covering one or more openings. Or use Morse code with low notes for dashes, high notes for dots. Remember—about Tom Mix code comes with arrowhead
MAGIC LENS! Makes people look like midget—mountains like mountains and you feel 100 feet tall. Stand at edge of a ditch—look down 10 feet and you feel like you're on the edge of a deep canyon.
HOME TWO WHEN WATER MAINS ATTACK!
"HERE'S REAL YOMBOS ENERGY 'N SWELL 'SNACK' BITE SIZE SHREDDED RALSTON
Shredded RALSTON
GET YOURS FIRST—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!
TUNE IN TOM MIX

The appeal of nostalgia mostly involves the ability to forget the bad and remember the good. Everything wasn't real-ly so swell back in the 30's and 40's. Still, this over-thirty fan of escape entertainment fondly recalls an era when the favorite mediums of vicarious adventure were neatly divided and satisfyingly separated. A child (or "child") of the times had three definite forms of unreal retreat to make life more bearable. Comics, both book and newspapers. Movies, with side-dishes of cartoons and serials. And radio, not today's music maker and news monitor, but a story-telling machine that demanded more from its audience than either or both of the others. Adventure radio required much more than mere attention; the listener had to expand his imagination, hone it razor sharp, and then be drawn into the invisible world of radio drama.

To be sure, motion pictures, complete with sound and color, are the closest thing to actual imagination. Their effect is almost hypnotic; movie - heroes often command the same respect as the genuine article. And, from the opposite angle, normal, clear-thinking citizens have been known to attack violently established movie villains when a chance encounter occurred. Television has muted the power of the motion picture; today's young adults, having grown up with the "on tap" movies of TV, are less affected, than their parents, if more apt to decide to become screen actors.

Comics have survived the onslaught of television, perhaps by virtue of their convenience. No other medium of visual en-tertainment is more at the command of the enjoyer. The comic book patiently awaits the attention of the reader... at which time the entertainment is much more immediate than the printed pages of a novel or a short story. Action and art are frozen for his scrutinization. Quick previews and instant reviews of the graphic story are high on the list of obvious advantages. Although television has attempted a series of "talking comic books", the best being a Lone Ranger presentation, the genuine article is still the more satisfying form, and will remain so. At least until the "video-phonograph" becomes a practical reality.

Motion picture theaters have also managed to survive; bearly in some cases, barely in others.

But radio drama has faded from the American scene. Although there have been a few experimental returns of the medium, the national broadcasting of high adventure on radio has become a memory of a time that was. It would seem, then, that radio as a story-telling medium had very little going for it. But, there were two definite advantages over the competition of comics and movies. First, it was a daily experience. One could hardly expect to see more than one movie a week (unless a doting relative outside the family circle slipped you an extra quarter). And most parents were dead set against comic books, since adults of that period did not hold Superman & Captain Marvel as treasured memories of their golden years. One might almost suspect that parents, teachers, and doc-tors of that time were fearful that their rightfully earned love and re-spect might be stolen and/or usurped by the two-dimensional super-heroes so numerous in the forties. And, of course they were correct. But that was their problem. Mine was wangling dimes for comic books; and again, one a week was a pretty good score. But, radio. Late afternoon and early evening radio programs were everyday events. The weekly "shows" were probably the best. Programs like *GANGBUSTERS, THE F.B.I. IN PEACE AND WAR, SUSPENSE, ESCAPE, INNER SANCTUM,* and *THE SHADOW* rated highly among my favorites. But before all adventure shows evolved into weekly half-hour and hour formats, radio had its own golden age of creation with serial heroes being presented in fifteen minute episodes, five days a week, Monday through Friday. The escape entertainment fan followed the adventures of his chosen hero(es) with a sense of loyalty that bordered on religion. And like religion they produced treasured artifacts, creating the second and most lasting advantage of radio's entrancement: Radio premiums, the by-products of adventure.

I worshipped at the shrine of Tom Mix, modern day western detective, who somehow managed to maintain the old west flavor of guns, guitars, horses, & hostile Indians. Actually, I got in on the tail-end of this charming phase of radio's history. As the only male child in the household, I was kept ignorant of such goings on until outside enlightenment brought the radio heroes to my attention. The reason for parental lack of enthusiasm in afternoon adventure soon became apparent. Every program had a sponsor, usually a breakfast cereal. And program managers were shamelessly commercial. Accordingly, the hero's voice often claimed to indulge in the sponsor's product, and encouraged his young listeners to do the same. Which, in itself, wouldn't have been so bad, but a more realistic reason for the pro-curement of said product soon became apparent. Small gadgets, toys if you will, were skillfully interwoven into a show's continuing story. Pocket size de-coders, badges, and rings that often featured a magnet, magnifying glass, whistle, and/or directional compass, were the usual fare. Secret compartments and a glow-in-the-dark quality were not unusual additives. Peep-in devices enjoyed a noticeable degree of popularity. Transparencies or glowing material would be mounted in a ring or small scope. In Tom Mix's case, it was a toy television set. Anyway, the gadget would be introduced into the story, often playing an important part. Then, at the end of the episode, the announcer would tell you how you could get a ring, badge, or decoder just like Tom's. And here's the part that drove American mothers up the wall: You had to send in a box top from the cereal that sponsored the show, along with some coin (10¢ - 25¢) to cover postage and handling, which was very clever merchandising. The sponsor found out how many people listened to the show, got them to try his product, and picked up more than a few thousand dimes in the process. Brilliant. Now, although Tom Mix was my number one radio idol, he had the worst sponsor of all: Hot Ralston. The closest description I can make is that it was like dirty hominy grits with the taste of broom straw. And that falls

TWO for 20¢ MOST SUPER Premium Offer EVER MADE! TWO for 20¢
TWO BIG PREMIUMS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE! BOTH FOR ONLY 20¢ AND ONE RALSTON BOX TOP!
1
A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE FAMOUS
RCA VICTOR
Television Set
YOU GET THIS SWELL TOY TELEVISION SET WITH FIVE REELS OF FILM!
Each Group of Films INCLUDES:
MAGIC TRICKS
CARTOON COMEDIES
MYSTERIES
JUST FLICK YOUR FINGER AND THE PICTURES CHANGE!
2
WHAT FUN... A MUSICAL RING!
PLAYS 5 Different Notes!
FITS ANY FINGER
WORKS LIKE A SLIDE TROMBONE!
BUY RALSTON! Use this Coupon!
Instant RALSTON
Hot RALSTON
For More Facts: TUNE IN TOM MIX

short of its **actual properties. But, as** a Tom Mix Ralston Straight Shooter, I was sworn to devour it, and did, although I was too sophisticated even then to believe in a "magic food"that'd make me big and strong enough to beat up bullies and other enemies of our country. I'd already been through that disappointing bit with the Popeye spinach theory and discovered that it was better to just get knocked over than to eat something that tasted bad and still get knocked over. However, I was willing to concede that anyone who could eat Hot Ralston every morning probably could do just about anything. When Ralston came out with a new cereal, Shredded Ralston, a cry of relief went up thruout the land from long suffering Straightshooters and their longer suffering mothers, who'd opened Hot Ralston boxes from the bottom, refusing to relinquish the all-important box-tops until the grey, gagging contents had disappeared down the loyal gullets of the most dedicated fandom that ever existed. Shredded Ralston wasn't nearly so hard to take; kids liked the bite-size shredded wheat biscuits, and birds loved them. Now, with an acceptable,edible product, all the available Tom Mix items were within my grasp. Unlike his competitors, Tom Mix maintained a list of Trading Post premiums, past, present and future, according to the current radio adventure. The Whistle Ring and Toy Television Set, I'd gotten the hard way. The Ring's whistle fit well into the program's plot as a signaling device. The tiny television viewer was forced into action when its magnifying lens was utilized with the sun's rays to start a fire. Tom Mix and his radio cast of Sheriff Mike Shaw, Longbow Bill and Wash, the colored comedy relief,apparently shared a fetishism for magnifying lenses. The show produced, at least, three fold-out magnifyers, encased in directional compass housing. A beautiful brass job, a nickle-plated version made in Japan before that unpleasant business at Pearl Harbor, and a plastic model that glowed in the dark. While all were intriguing wonders to be-hold, I never could quite start a fire with one. The best I could get was some smoke from a dead leaf and a sun-spot on my field of vision. But I never even doubted that Tom could do it; maybe it *was* because he'd eaten more Hot Ralston than I could ever face. Glow-in-the-dark spurs, which could be used to fool cattle rustlers into believing they'd been surrounded by a pack of shiny-eyed wolves, joined my growing collection.

Each ordered premium was an agony ad-venture in itself. Getting the order together was the first ordeal.The coins had to be carefully enclosed so as not to be evident on the outside of the envelope. Otherwise, a postal employee would surely steal them. A too careful concealment, and they might be overlooked, in which case your order would be thrown out; horrible thought, that. And the wait. The ad said, "Allow three weeks for delivery." Three Weeks! --- I I could be dead in three weeks. By the third day, I'd be checking the mailbox. Would it never come? Finally it did; in fact *all* my Tom Mix material came thru. Which was a notable achievement in itself. The fact that I managed to retain them to this present day is nothing short of a miracle. Wives and mothers will save a garage and attic full of old, broken-up furniture until six days after hell freezes over, but a stack of old comic books or a box of proceless pocket-treasures goes into the outgoing trash at the first opportunity.Its hard to believe that even these few radio-relics survived fandom's greatest hazard. Next came the Glow-In-The-Dark Belt with the secret compartment in its brass buckle...The Bullet Telescope which included a crow-call signaling whistle... The Cat's Eye Ring and another Toy Television Set... The tiny Compass-Gun, which swung on the end of a chain to point to north, with an Arrowhead Whistle attached to the opposite end, both glowed..... The Official Identification Bracelet, in case you got lost in spite of all your compasses; the bracelet would get you shipped back home. And my favorite of favorites, the Signal Arrowhead; Tom appeared to have a strong thing going for arrowheads too. But, what the hell; anyone who didn't smoke, drink, or chase women was bound to suffer from *some* form of weirdness. So, he liked magnifying glasses, arrowheads, and Hot Ralston.... There's worse things, if you overlook the Hot Ralston. But, back to the Signal Arrowhead...

It had a magnifying glass up front, a siren whistle on the left barb with a "smallerfying" lens on the right. That's right! A concave lens that made things look smaller. "Of what use?" you might ask. Well, aside from the fun of making things look far away, you could line it up with a fold-out magnifying glass to improvise a primitive telescope. If you didn't already have at least one model of the fold-out magnifyers, you weren't worth the salt in your Hot Ralston; and *that's* pretty worthless. In the base of the Arrowhead was a series of high and low whistles. **A code card was** furnished and a combination of high and low notes with the siren tones would enable the owner to send convenient messages like, "I'm in a tough spot, but don't worry.". Needless to say, the Signal Arrowhead, like other secret decoders, was often used to leave non-owners of the device out in the cold in regards to what was going on in the minds of Tom and his co-horts. Furthermore, the Arrowhead played an extremely heavy role in the serialized story titled, "The Mystery of the Signal Arrowhead", wherein the Arrowhead was used to solve a riddle involving buried treasure. Ah yes, I remember it well...

WHERE THE BIG BEAR BECOMES THE LITTLE BEAR.
Big Bear, a natural rock formation, is viewed through the smallerfying lens to ascertain the first position.

WHERE THE BIG BEAR BECOMES BIG AGAIN.
Viewed through the magnifying lens, Big Bear comes into focus at a second point.

WHERE THE VOICE OF THE WIND RETURNS TO YOU.
The siren echoes at a given point,triangulating the treasure sight. [Exciting, isn't it?]

SHOOT, AND WHEN THE ARROW SINGS, THE TREASURE IT BRINGS.
Longbow Billy, a semi-regular member of the cast, attaches the Signal Arrowhead to one of his shafts, and shoots toward Big Bear. Vip! Wheseee -- whistle -- whistle -- eee --- Thud! Where the arrow falls to earth, there lies the treasure. Just give Wash a shovel and tell him to get busy. [Boy, that *was* a long time ago!]

But I did indulge in other radio serials. Sky King, another modern westerner, came close to capturing my full attention. In our locale, Sky King was opposite Tom Mix, and you had to make a choice. Sky managed to pull a bigger audience by virtue of his sponsor, Peter Pan Peanut Butter. Probably things have changed since, but in my day, *all* kids liked or loved peanut butter. And, even if you didn't, the coupon attached to the lid was easy to snitch right in the market. Recognizing this diadvantage,the Peter Pan company soon began placing thin, aluminum disk coupons *inside* the jar. By an incredible stroke of luck,the first such jar brought into our household contained *five* disks! Another Sky King drawing card was the quality of his premiums. Anyonw who managed to collect all the Sky King rings and things ever offered has the finest collection of post-war radio premiums in existence. --

Really beautiful and clever stuff. Why then, did I go the Tom Mix route? Mostly because I liked Tom better. But, partly because I once sent for a Sky King ring, and never got it. Later, a buddy persuaded me to send for a different Sky King ring, the Tele-Blinker Ring, possibly the largest ring ever offered. The stone hid a small telescope; a housing over it was pressed down to produce a clicking sound and reveal glowing material, thru its slotted sides. The chances of passing the Tele-Blinker off as "just another ring" were laughing impossible. Oh, I got mine, but he's still waiting on his. I tried to warn him; he still blows up when I ask him if he got his Sky King ring yet. Ha!

The Lone Ranger, unlike Tom Mix,was a purely fictional character. While Tom's amazing career began as a genuine war hero and lawman-turned-movie star, the Lone Ranger was created especially for radio. Beginning as a three-times-a-week program (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), the Lone Ranger gained more adult attention, since each half-hour broadcast was a complete story. The show finally evolved into a once-a-week, half-hour schedule in order to maintain its high quality. And it was an exciting, well-written show, with the best background music of any show, and a superb balance of narration and dialogue. The only other radio show that came close to this enduring giant of adventure was The Shadow. The Shadow seemed the perfect radio hero, since he couldn't be seen anyway; an invisible detective with a creepy voice.No matter how tough the villain was, when The Shadow laughed, the baddie came unglued. The only reason I give the Lone Ranger the edge over The Shadow as a favorite fictional character is the Lone Ranger's pure radio beginning, which was popular enough to encourage his appearance in movies and comics, the basic concept remaining satisfyingly faithful. But the radio version of The Shadow evolved from a pulp detective magazine which featured a different type of Shadow, a black-robed, non-invisible avenger. Then, when the radio Shadow became popular, movie makers tried the character on the screen, reverting to the mystery mag Shadow, while Shadow comics featured an invisible concept. The results were confusing and dissatisfying. But, to return to the Lone Ranger; that exciting masked rider of the plains, who led the fight for law and order in the early western United States. (That was part of the show's lead-in.)

The Lone Ranger Club was a wonder to recall. A safety club that actually *gave* premiums away for the asking. The show was sponsored by an affiliation of bakeries. (In our case, it was: Merita Bakers.) But you simply wrote and asked to be admitted to the Lone Ranger Safety Club. No boxtops, no dimes.Amazing.You'd receive a membership card, pledge certificate, and a letter from the Lone Ranger, inviting you to encourage two other friends to join and to send for your 1st free gift: the Silver Bullet Pencil Sharpener. Two safety-club blanks arrived with your silver bullet, and a letter from Tonto, the Lone Ranger's faithful Indian companion, instructing you in halting English to have the blanks filled out and to enclose them with a request for the next free gift, a picture of the Lone Ranger, Tonto, and young Dan Reid, a part-time player and nephew to the Lone Ranger. Incidentally, Dan Reid would later sire another popular radio hero, the Green Hornet. So, your picture came, and you sent for the badge. After the badge, a mask. Finally, a club charter and instructions to recruit members. All free; it's still hard to believe.The Lone Ranger, a masked man with class.

Straight Arrow, a hero-come- lately to the radio scene, was too much like the Lone Ranger to be be entirely accidental. But, it was a good show, and besides, it could be argued that the Lone Ranger was a "descendant" of Zorro. Set in the old west, the Straight Arrow saga came in complete, half-hour doses. Whenever some baddies needed bashing,rancher Steve Adams of the Broken Bow cattle spread would sneak off to a secret cave wherein he'd don the garb of the Comanche war chief, Straight Arrow. His horse was a golden Palomino named Fury. The Lone Ranger rode the great white horse, Silver. Straight Arrow passed out tiny golden arrows, like the Lone Ranger's silver bullets; calling cards not likely to be misplaced. Box tops and dimes bought you a Golden Arrow Money Clip,War Drum, and Club Card. Among other items offered was a western bandanna and genuine, goldplated slide (gold plating of less than 1/100,000 inch). It was never made clear if Straight Arrow was a real Indian or White. I suspect he was half-and-half, able to pass as either.Anyway, the show was popular enough to inspire an excellent comic-magazine, and I recall both the radio and graphic versions with equal fondness. I even recollect the program's opening introduction:

KEEN EYES, FIXED ON A FLYING TARGET.
A GLEAMING ARROW, SET AGAINST A
A RAWHIDE STRING.
A STRONG BOW, BENT ALMOST TO THE
BREAKING POINT.
AND THEN, VIP! ZZZZZZZZZZ THUD!
STRAIGHT ARROW!

I can remember anything, provided it's absolutely useless. But, I really don't mind having my memory tract cluttered by such indelible trivia, since it is a legitimate phase of Americanism.I'm no expert, but experts on old-time radio and especially members of fandom, who have managed to collect large numbers of radio premiums, are among the most revered men alive. If collecting old comics can correspond to stamp collecting, then radio's heroic hardware compares to the super-expensive hobby of coin - collecting. The prices and values placed on the old time by-products of adventure are fair indications of the fondness the owners have for the memory of a time when such things were sorely needed. In, and immediately after, an era when everything was "too expensive", "outta season", or "Uncle Sam needed it". A time when mothers worried a lot, everybody's father drank too much, and even kids had to make tough choices on what to have & hold. Those were the days my friend.... those were the days.

-Bill Cantey-

NOW, FOR AN "EPILOGUE-CATALOGUE", HERE'S A BRIEF GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF OLD-TIME RADIO, IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY BLOWN ENOUGH MONEY ON OLD COMICS TO CAUSE YOUR FAMILY TO CONSIDER PUTTING YOU AWAY.

I've refrained from going into detail on heroic radio for two very good reasons: First, I'm not competent enought to write a book. And, secondly, there are already books available about old-time radio...

For anyone interested in more information on the subject of radio heroes, Jim Harmon's *The Great Radio Heroes* is *the* book to buy. Especially since it's now available in paperback from Ace Books, 1120 Avenue of the Americas, New York City 10036. 85¢ gets it; 75¢ plus 10¢ for handling fees, but no boxtops are needed. Jim also dabbles in limited press publications and old radio tapes. Write for his *Pictorial Guide to Old Time Radio*, $2.50. Or, his excellent reproduction of the *Tom Mix Manual* from the 40's; $3.00. His address: Jim Harmon, P.O. Box 38612, Hollywood, California 90038. Just 25¢ for his Radio Tapes Catalogue...

Rex Miller, radio premiums expert, writes a column for *The Rocket's Blast;* and has also compiled a collection of great premium ads in his book, *Radio Premiums Illustrated*. $5.00 from SUPERMANTIQUES, 913 Salem Road, Mt. Vernon, Illinois 62864. Rex also publishes an old radio premiums sales list for anyone who wants to spend a lot of money in a hurry; remember, it's not unusual for a badge or ring from the 30's &/or 40's to be currently valued at $25.00 to $100.00.

And, of course, ads for old radio tapes often appear in *The Rocket's Blast*, and other adzines.

To date, the best deal on old radio recordings is from Alan Light's own DYNAPUBS, RR 1 Box 297, East Moline, Ill. 61244. $3.00 gets you two hours of radio adventure on vinyl records.A good way to experiment before making a heavy investment. Order the *Radio Adventure Set*; and see what it's all about.

Another book, *Tune In Tomorrow*, by Mary Jane Higby, is actually an autobiography of a soap-opera radio actress. Still, it gives the reader an in-depth look at the mechanics of story--telling radio from the early thirties until television cut deeply into the market during the fifties. Written from the inside out, it is well illustrated, and very enlightening. Another Ace paperback, 95¢ plus 10¢ handling fee.

The Unembarassed Muse, originally an expensive hardback by Russell Nye, has been republished in a paperbound form for $3.95. It is a *two hundred year* account of the popular arts in America with an excellent chapter on radio serials and their by-products of adventure. Available from a number of sources; you might try COLLECTORS BOOK STORE, 6763 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028. Add 50¢ for handling & postage. Your order will be carefully packaged and promptly shipped. I've had NO problems with this dealer.

The Serials, by Raymond William Stedman, contains two short, but extremely well-written chapters on the subject of adventure radio and their heroic hardware. The segments,"Listen" and "Box Tops & Dimes", stole the show for me, but the book covers *every* phase of the continued story's history. A really fine book. $9.95; available from COLLECTORS BOOK STORE.

A Pictorial History Of Radio, by Irving Settel, $6.95; Grosset & Dunlap ... A profusely picto-illustrated reference book on radio's golden age. Bought locally.

Lastly, an excellent article on the Lone Ranger appeared in: *Screen Thrills Illustrated No. 10*, a Warren Publication. If you can buy this old gem from a comics dealer for anything under $2.00, it's worth it.

A final word: Collect and save the current crop of goofy gadgets... there could come a time when that Merry Marvel Marchers' Kit will sell for one hundred times its original price. And what did I do with that Uncle Creepy badge? Happy hunting.

JOE SINNOTT

Continuing our series of features on comic book artists, we present this issue an autobiography from one of the best inkers in the business, JOE SINNOTT. *But, as you'll find out soon, he is much more than a fine inker; he's also a fine artist and a fine man. I'd like to extend my thanks to Joe for accepting my invitation to do this feature, and for supplying me with the excellent material that accompanies his autobiography...*

--Bill Wilson

Born in Saugerties, New York, on October the 16 1926, I was the second of seven children. (My oldest brother, Jack, by the way, was in the same company as Audie Murphy, but after much action (Sicily, Anzio, etc.), he was killed in France.)

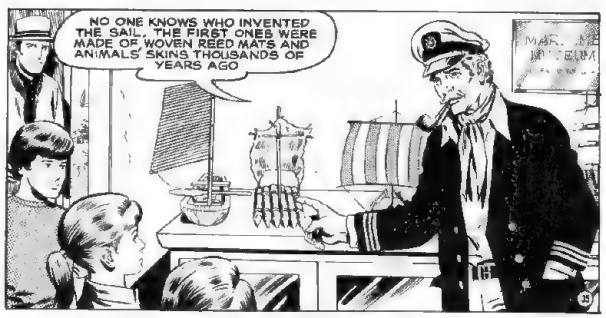
I had the normal boyhood, being excellent both in marbles and card flipping. As were all kids of the 1930's, I was a nut on the comics, and my favorites were: Tarzan, Flash Gordon, Terry, Tiny Tim, Smilin' Jack, Barney Baxter, Radio Patrol, Tim Tyler's Luck, and many others. In high school, I played varsity baseball and soccer, and was art- editor of the school paper and yearbook.

During World War II (Okinawa), I spent 2 years in the Seabees driving a truck. I had joined the navy expecting to wind up on a cruiser or better. After the war, I spent three years working in a cement plant and limestone quarry. In '49 I entered C & I (Cartoonists and Illustrators School.)

LIKE GIANT EAGLES IN THE SKY
THE STORY OF KITES
BY HELEN L. GILLUM
ART BY JOE SINNOTT
BLUE SKIES AND WINDY DAYS BRING OUT KITEMAKERS TO SHARE IN A CENTURIES-OLD SPORT.
GEE, DAD, KITES ARE FUN! WHO INVENTED THEM, ANYHOW?
WELL, KITES GO BACK AT LEAST 2300 YEARS....

SAILS AGAINST THE WIND
THE STORY OF SAILS AND THE SAILMAKER'S ART
BY HELEN L. GILLUM
ILLUS. BY JOE SINNOTT
SAILING IS AS OLD AS THE WIND-- AND AS NEW AS THE SUMMER BREEZE! IN AN AGE OF STEAM ENGINES, ELECTRICAL ENERGY AND NUCLEAR POWER, SAILING STILL CHALLENGES MAN, AND SAILMAKERS CONTINUE TO PLY THEIR ANCIENT TRADE...

'...BUT NO ONE KNOWS FOR CERTAIN JUST WHO INVENTED THEM....'
I, ARCHYTAS, A GREEK SCIENTIST, INVENTED THE FLYING PIGEON THE WORLD'S FIRST KITE!
AH, NO! HONORABLE ARCHITAS IS WRONG! I, GENERAL HAN SIN, INVENTED KITES!



THESE TAILS HAVE WORK TO DO —
THE STORY OF FISH, BIRD AND ANIMAL TAILS.
BY HELEN L. GILLUM
ART BY JOE SINNOTT
STEVE AND NANCY DAVIS ARE ON A SUMMER HOLIDAY WITH THEIR PARENTS. ONE DAY IN FLORIDA.
GOLLY, WHAT ARE THOSE LIVE FISH DOING THERE ON THE GROUND!
THOSE ARE ASIAN WALKING CATFISH. THEIR OLD POND DRIED UP SO THEY ARE MOVING TO ANOTHER!
"WALKING CATFISH" CAME FROM ASIA. THEY USE THEIR GILLS AND THE AIR, AND WRIGGLE OVERLAND ON THEIR PECTORAL, OR SIDE FINS, TO OTHER LAKES AND PONDS BY FLAPPING THEIR CAUDAL FINS, OR TAILS.

STAGECOACHES WEST
THE STORY OF THE CONCORD STAGECOACH
BY HELEN L. GILLUM
ILLUS. BY JOE SINNOTT
STAGECOACHES AND THEIR SWIFT HORSES ARE GONE NOW, EXCEPT IN THE MOVIES, AMUSEMENT PARKS AND AT HISTORICAL EXHIBITIONS.
YIPPEE! JUST LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS!
SIT DOWN, TERRY, BEFORE YOU FALL DOWN!
FRONT TOWN
AFTER THE RIDE IN THE OLD STAGECOACH...
GEE! THAT WAS FUN! BUT IT WAS SURE A SLOW, BUMPY WAY TO TRAVEL!
YEP! SEEMS THAT WAY NOW. BUT STAGECOACHES WERE ONCE AS IMPORTANT IN THE HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF OUR COUNTRY, AS ARE RAILROADS, AUTOMOBILES AND JET PLANES TODAY. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THEM

I picked up my first comic book job while in school - a five-page filler,for a 'Mopsey' book, called 'Trudi' published by St. John Publishing Co.

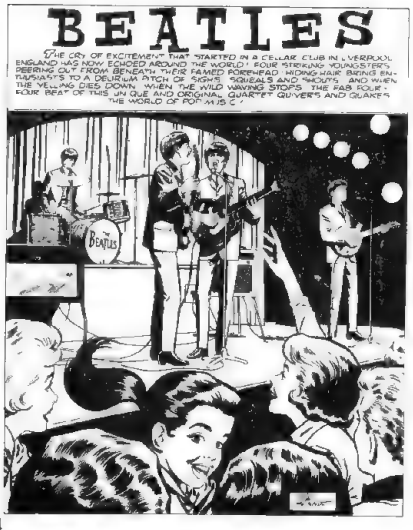
While at school, I did quite a bit of work on a variety of things -- which sent me on these assignments:textile designs (mostly for kid's shirts and the like; with western, etc. themes), caricature assignments (Ted Mack, Ham Fisher, etc.). I started working for Tom Gill, one of the instructors, who had accounts with Timely, Dell, and others. We 'Tom, me, and one or two other fellows from school) worked on the books together.One fellow was Norman Steinberg, who later worked for Timely. We worked on books like Red Warrior, Kent Blake, and Western Union. It got so I was doing the whole Blake book, so, in March '51, I went to Timely and started to pick up my own work...

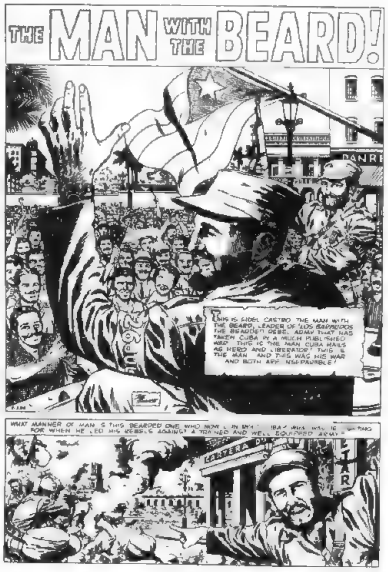
I worked exclusively for Stan on all variety of books until '57 when production was halted. Then I picked up accounts at Classics, Treasure Chest,Dell, Charlton, etc. I also did a lot of commercial stuff and a lot of odds and ends during this period. In '58, I went back to Timely, and did a variety of things for the next few years. At this time, I started inking a few Kirby stories-I did the first Thor book, and F.F. #5 I remember. I penciled and inked a few Thors but I didn't return to F.F. until #44 or #45 I believe. And I've only missed a couple since.

For me, Kirby and Buscema are the easiest to ink. I was quicker with the Kirby stuff-- he had less panels per one page. I admire the efforts and styles of the many other artists I've inked -- Steranko, Kane, Romita, Colan, etc.

As to the materials I use:
For 20 years I used nothing but a #2 and #3 Winsor Newton brush, but for the past year or two I honestly couldn't find a decent one for inking. They just don't have the snap they used to. This has been quite discouraging to me because of the fact that good tools are half of the battle. I've been using a #2 Artsign finepoint for the past year -- and while they have good snap and a fine point,the hairs are a little too long for my taste. This may sound insignificant to you readers, but it's so important to the artist. Needless to say, work for the past year or two has been that much harder, because of inferior brushes and the paper Marvel is using.

Whereas it used to have a fairly hard surface and good tooth, it is now smooth and very absorbent. You have to be very careful when you erase, because the ink can come right off. I often have to re-ink after I've erased. After twenty years of using nothing but a 659 Gillott pen I now have to use the 290 & 170 because of the paper. I don't know what the views of fellow artists are concerning the state of materials, though.


BEATLES
THE CRY OF EXCITEMENT THAT STARTED IN A CELLAR CLUB IN LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND HAS NOW ECHOED AROUND THE WORLD! FOUR STRIKING YOUNGSTERS, PEERING OUT FROM BENEATH THEIR FAMED MOPTOP HEADS WRING YOUR BEING ENTHUSIASTS TO A DELIRIUM PITCH OF SIGHTS, SQUEALS AND SHOUTS, AND WHEN THE YELLING DIES DOWN, WHEN THE WILD WAVING STOPS, THE FAB SOUND FOUR BEAT OF THIS UNIQUE AND ORIGINAL QUARTET QUIVERS AND QUAKES THE WORLD OF POP MUSIC!
BEATLES


THE MAN WITH THE BEARD!
THIS IS FIDEL CASTRO, THE MAN WITH THE BEARD... LEADER OF THE BRAVEHEARTED BROTHERS WHO RAISED ARMS AGAINST THE CRUEL TYRANT CUBA IN A HELLISH CIVIL WAR! AND THIS IS THE MAN CUBA HAILS AS HERO AND LIBERATOR! THIS IS THE MAN... AND THIS WAS HIS WAR AND BOTH ARE REALITY!

As to technique, I try to ink superheroes in a slick manner - but not too hard. Sometimes you can go overboard and become too sleek and hard. I add blacks here and there when I feel it needs it, to help balance a page. When I'm doing other types of stories for Treasure Chest, for example, I try to ink according to the type of story it is. If it's a western or frontier setting, I try to rough it up a little. I use whatever kind of ink I happen to have. I was given a case of Higgens, but I have to mix it with Pelican because the Higgins ink is quite watery, and with the absorbent paper we use, it's *impossible*.

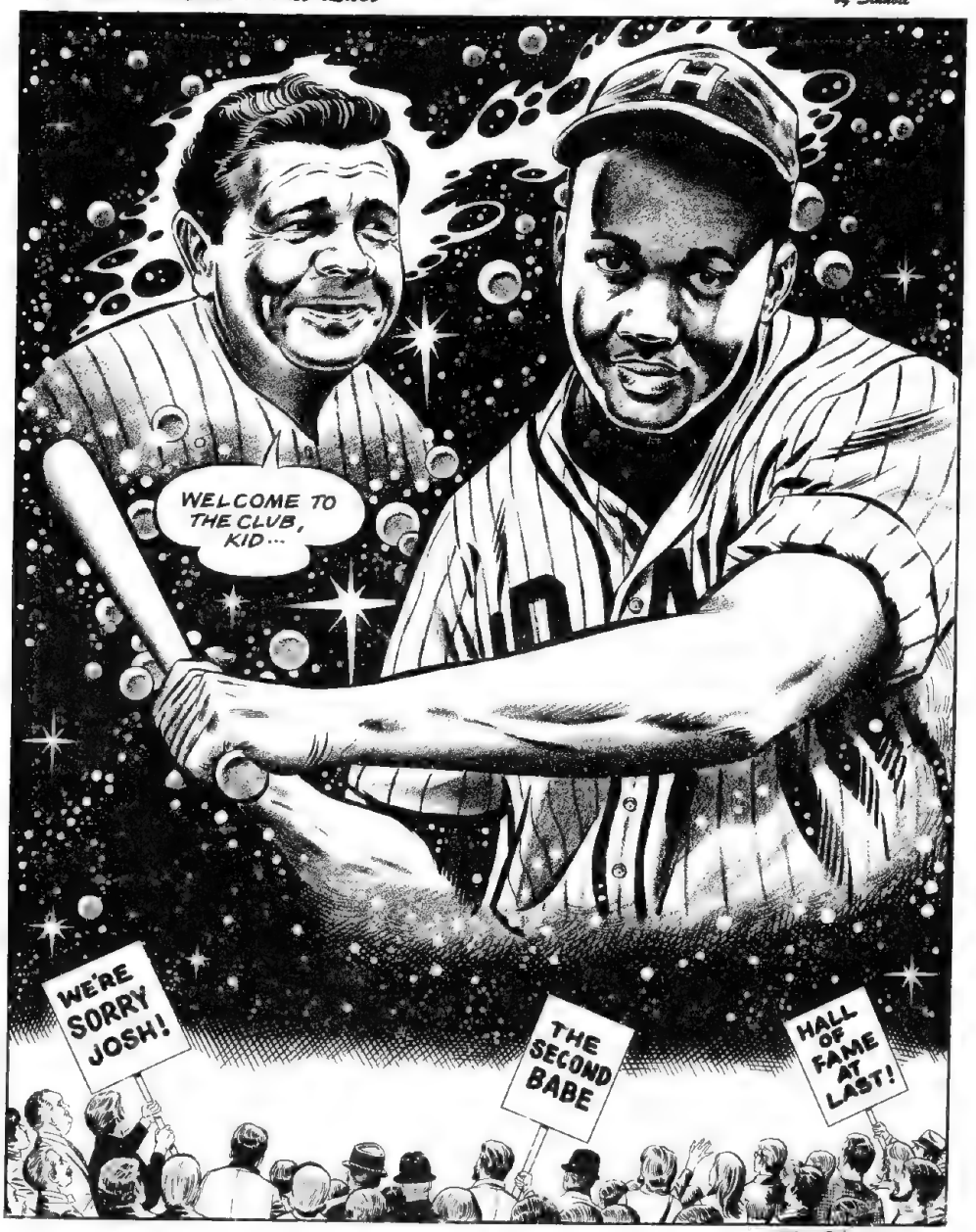
I really don't see many of the comics being published today, outside of the Marvels. I did pick up a DC Tarzan, I think it was #3, by Kubert of course - and it appealed to me greatly... Joe's loose, yet dynamic, interpretation could not be surpassed on this book. I think it has great visual appeal. I always felt John Buscema would have done a great 'Tarzan', or 'Prince Valiant', for that matter.

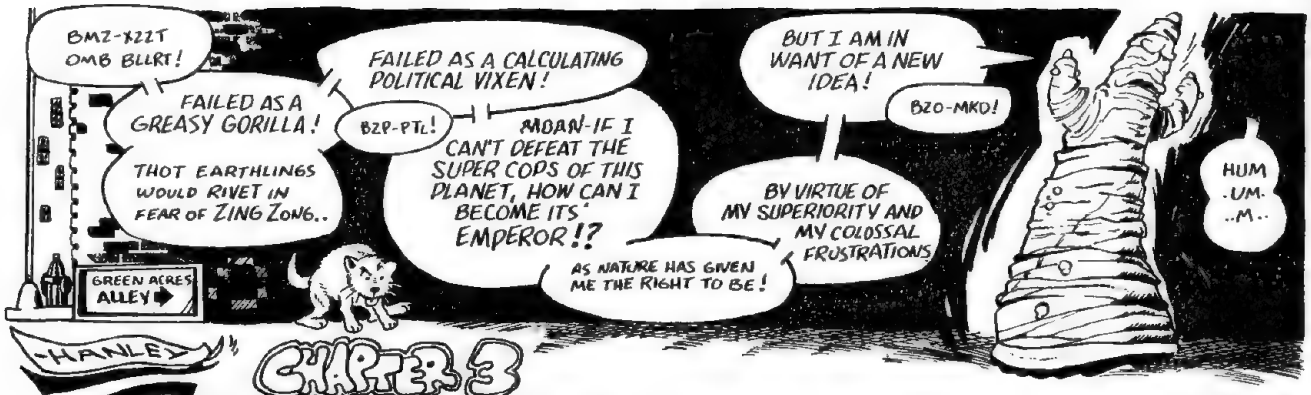
As for ACBA, I've been a little dis-appointed in the few goals they've managed to achieve so far. I felt there would have been a better rapport with the management, but I haven't seen any concrete evidence of this yet. I'm sure things can't help but improve with the new 2 yr. terms for the officers being instituted. From the few meetings I have attended, I've gotten the feeling that the members are not being 'open' enough with each other, in regards to certain subjects. And what really baffles me regarding the ACBA awards, is how Kirby can be nominated for 'outstanding contribution of the year' (or whatever the category) and 'Hall of Fame' and *not* even be nominated for best penciler. To leave Jack out is like telling Babe Ruth he's not good enough for the all-time, all-star team. Aside from that, I feel ACBA must start making strides now, or the membership will throw in the towel. Let's hope the new 2 yr. terms for the officers will give them the time to accomplish the things they would like to.

My hobbies include collecting Bing Crosby recordings, tapes, radio shows, etc. - I've just taken up golf, and am an avid baseball (Giants) and football (Jets) fan. I prefer doing sports cartoons to anything else.

I have four children, Joe Jr. 20, Linda 18, Kathy 16, and my assistant, Mark 10; and wife Betty (ageless).

A Star is Born . . . at Last — *by Sinnott*




BMZ-XZZT OMB BLLRT!
FAILED AS A GREASY GORILLA!
THOT EARTHLINGS WOULD RIVET IN FEAR OF ZING ZONG..
GREEN ACRES ALLEY
FAILED AS A CALCULATING POLITICAL VIXEN!
BZP-PT.!
MOAN-IF I CAN'T DEFEAT THE SUPER COPS OF THIS PLANET, HOW CAN I BECOME ITS EMPEROR!?
AS NATURE HAS GIVEN ME THE RIGHT TO BE!
BUT I AM IN WANT OF A NEW IDEA!
BZO-MKO!
BY VIRTUE OF MY SUPERIORITY AND MY COLOSSAL FRUSTRATIONS
HUM -UM- ..M..

HANLEY

CHAPTER 3 GREENHORN

"THE GREENING OF AMERICA"!

1 So! ANOTHER EVIL GREEN HYDRANT SUBSIDIARY HAS BEEN DESTROYED!

a I SHOULD BE ELATED BUT MY HEART IS HEAVY...

3 ...FOR AS A SCIENTIFICALLY REFINED SUPERAMERICAN PATRIOT, I AM COMPELLED TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT EVILS THAT THREATEN TO HURT MY COUNTRY — FOR, WHAT HURTS MY COUNTRY HURTS ME, GREEN AMERICA!

4 FOR EJEMPLO: YESTERDAY, ABORTION WAS UN-AMERICAN AND ON A PAR WITH NAZI GAS CHAMBERS. TODAY — GROWING ACCEPTANCE.

5 IS MY COUNTRY REALLY RUN BY A POLITICAL/CORPORATE COLLUSION?

6 HAVE MY BROTHERS' AND NEPHEWS' BECOME WORSHIPPERS OF SICK SADISTIC VIOLENCE ALA THE ROMAN CIRCUS?

7 IS EVERYTHING UP FOR SALE IN AMERICA?

8 ARE WE ALL JUST A WILD BUNCH OF HUSTLERS?

9 WHY DID GOD HAVE TO DIE? DID HE GET IN THE WAY..?

10 WAS VIET NAM JUST A MILITARY-POLITICAL ADVENTURE?

11 SHOULD AMERICA PAY A PENALTY FOR BEING THE PRINCIPLE POLLUTING AGENT OF THE WORLD?

12 WHY DOES THE FEDERAL LEGISLATURE RECORD A 60% ABSENTEEISM?

OHO! WHAT'S THIS?

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL — AM I CRACKIN' UP?

SIGNS OF STRAIN.

WHAT GRANDIOS LUCK! A SUPER COP WHOSE MIND IS IN A STATE OF PERPETUAL CONFUSION!! I WILL CAPTURE IT AND HIM AND FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!

AT A MEETING OF THE GREEN AVENGERS.

WE DON'T KNOW A HECK OF A LOT...

WHAT WE DO KNOW COMES FROM THE GREEN LEAGUE AND FROM A VERDE VELNAH WHO MADE THESE EYE-WITNESS SKETCHES!

SPEAK FOR YO'SELF GREEN VISOR!

IT'S THE GREENHORN MENACE, GENTLEMEN!

WHETHER OF ALIEN ORIGIN, GANGLAND SYMBOL OR MAD SCIENTIST CREATION WE HAVE NO INFO.

OUR JOB — FIND AND CAPTURE!

PASS IT ALONG TO GREEN AMERICA WHEN YOU SEE HIM!

3-72

50,000 ANNUAL AUTO DEATHS
THOUSANDS OF RAPES 'N' MURDERS
MUMBLE
HUNN? WUZZIS?
STOP THINKING!
YOUR CONCERNS ARE RESOLVED IN MY WILL!
YOU ARE IN MY POWER!
ON A ROOFTOP, LOOKING DOWN...
LOOK, GREEN ROBIN, IT'S GREEN AMERICA JUST STANDING IN AN ALLEY. PROBABLY IN HIS USUAL QUANDRY! LET'S GO CHEER HIM UP!
OK, GREEN BAT, BUT I'LL TAKE THE ELEVATOR. MY WEAK ANKLES ARE ACTIN' UP AGAIN.
HEY, STAR HEAD!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STOP CLUTTERING UP THE ALLEYS?
HA!
MAMA!
HOW GREEN WAS THIS ALLEY
OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THIS MEANS
WAR!
W-WAR? BETWEEN THE GREEN LEAGUE AND THE GREEN AVENGERS? MAMA MIA! DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING GREENHORN EPISODE: THE WARRING OF THE GREEN!

LETTERS

to THE COLLECTOR
1535 Oneida Dr.
Clairton, Pa. 15025

Logo by DON NEWTON

Al Hewetson
Associate Editor
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

While staying with Dear Friend and comic comrade Syd Shores this week while in the big city this editorial visit, I came across your *The Collector* for the first time...looks very good Bill.

Course more than anything I was impressed by being included in your crossword puzzle...but I really *did* think the rest of the issue was very good...taking particular interest in B.P.'s ALTERNATIVES FOR CONVENTIONS piece and his suggestion about Skywald's own Sol Brodsky being invited...perhaps combining *that* suggestion and the one about video tapes to be mass shown over the country to the fans might be well received by many. One thing about tape of course, is the obvious permanent record of both opinion and information that it affords...it can be looked at 100 years from now.

I'll mention the idea to Sol....he'll get a kick out of someone thinking about innovations...he being a most creative man himself. So best wishes to Byron Preiss.

And best wishes from me to whoever did the crossword...

Thanks for your comments on TC#25, Al. I only wish more people in the field would be as willing to take into consideration the many suggestions fandom makes. True, they may not all be good, but you have to admit that fandom can be helpful and influential in improving the field, and making it possible for the recognition it deserves.

Kenneth Smith
Professional Artist; *Phantasmagoria*
Box 20020-A, LSU
Baton Rouge, La. 70803

I thoroughly enjoyed your last issue of *The Collector*, but I have got to admit that it pales by comparison with #25. #26 will indeed be a fine, fine piece of work. If this goes on...?

I kind of enjoyed Bob Kirkland's piece in #25. I say "kind of", because there are serious issues behind this sort of thing which can't be shrugged off. I know of a great number of overpriced zines that have appeared in the past 3 years or so, and it is no joke, they have been rip-off operations pure and simple. What is also unfunny, however, is the fact that zines with low prices are often, in effect, being underwritten by the artists and writers who keep the price down by donating the work; many zines with high prices, such as *Phase* and others, simply want to rectify this by paying their contributors. The same with *Reality*. Needless to say, newsstand prices distort many fans' sense of values: as a rule, the reader is paying for only about 1/3 of the cost of a newsstand magazine--- the rest being paid for by advertisers. I know *Phantasmagoria*'s price is not as low as I'd like it; but at $3,its sales just barely meet the cost of printing and mailing, and all other expenses(art supplies, advertising, etc. running into a couple of thousand dollars for 1971) I have to absorb myself. Which, again, I consider unfunny. Under those circumstances, I sometimes catch myself thinking that the *GAU* #9 Bob described just might be *worth* $25, in terms of what it's probably costing someone else.

You made some very interesting and very good points as to the values of fandom in terms of its many magazines, and I hope that other readers will write in, to voice their opinions about this controversial topic of "the pro-zines". In the meantime, I highly recommend Ken's Phantasmagoria; it's well worth the $3 pricetag for lovers of good art and a unique and intricately-woven fable. Oh, and now that you've seen it, Ken,do you believe your prediction for TC#26 came true?

Joe Kubert
Professional Artist; *Tarzan*

Thanx for sending me a copy of your excellent fanzine. The amount of work and effort necessary to produce this sort of a publication *(for one man)* must be fantastic!

Your wrap-a-round was well-executed. I'll be looking forward to your next issue.

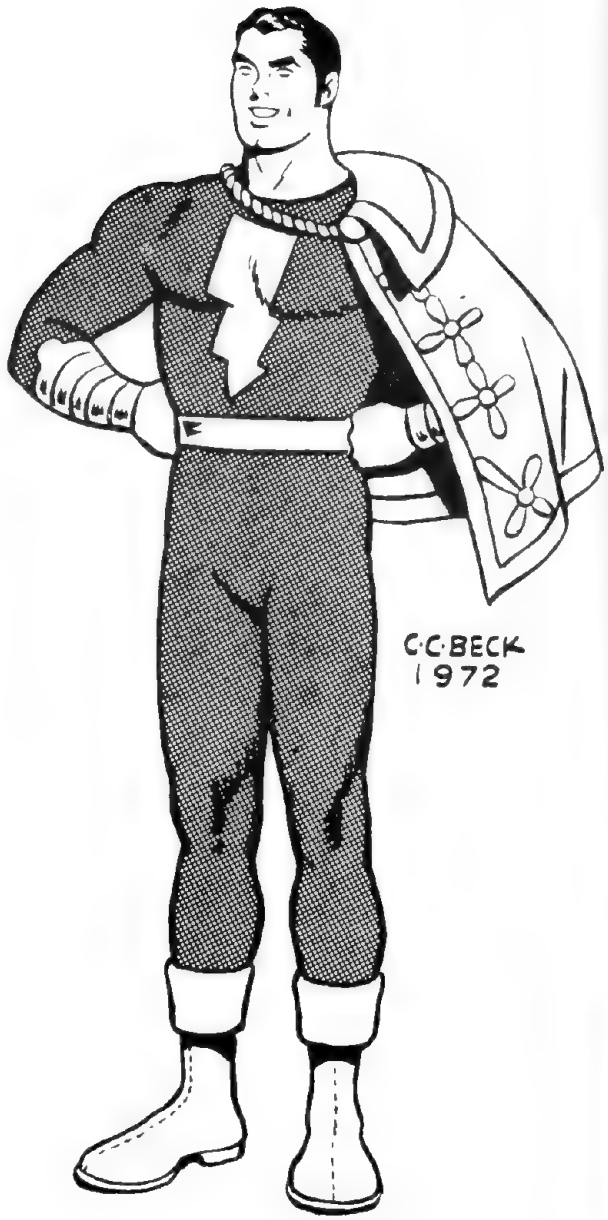
Much luck with your back-breaker...

Thanks for your comments, Joe. You don't know how true those words are! A "back-breaker" is exactly what this zine is, & more! But I enjoy it, and I think the effort is appreciated by the readers, so it gives me a feeling of self-satisfaction to be able to say the entire production is handled by me. [So, whenever there are any typing,layout, printing, or any other flubs, chalk one up for the ol' editor-publisher-printer!]
Joe was a big help with the Tarzan, and Ken Barr features this issue, and I'd like to thank him again for all his help with this "back-breaker".

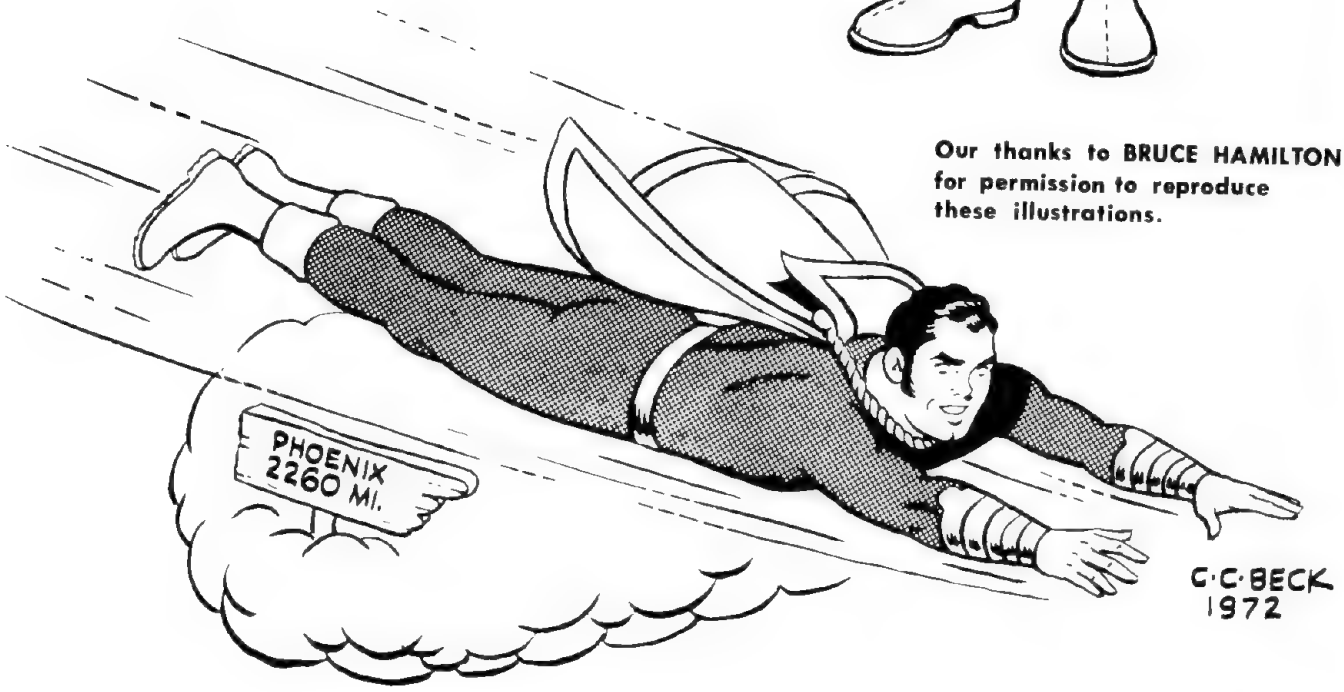
CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

WM BLACK
FROM C.C. BECK

CAPTAIN MARVEL 1972



One of the most famous comic book characters of the "GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS", Cap has turned up recently in the extensive advertising for PHOENIX CON. Drawn with sideburns by his original artist, C. C. BECK, he is shown here in his majestic pose (at right) and flying to Phoenix (below).



Our thanks to BRUCE HAMILTON for permission to reproduce these illustrations.

A BRIEF INTERVIEW WITH C. C. BECK

conducted by BOB TETZLOFF

Everyone remembers Captain Marvel, the Big Red Cheese. I located his creator living in sunny Miami Beach and doing rather well at his design and art studio. Here are some of the questions I asked Mr. Beck...

First of all, Mr. Beck, when, and where were you born?

I was born in 1910 in a little town in Southern Minnesota called Zumbrota.

What does the C. C. stand for?

Charles Clarence. I was named after two uncles.

What type of background in art did you have as a boy? Did you work for any school newspapers, yearbooks, local papers, etc.?

Yes, I worked on the High School annual and on the University of Minnesota humor magazine, Ski-U-Mah.

Who was your favorite artist as a boy, and who is your favorite now?

John Held, Jr. - the creator of the flapper and shiek; Sid Smith's "The Gumps" and Billy deBeck's "Barney Google" were my favorite comics. Today, I like the "Wizard of Id" and "The Smith Family". I like the really comic strips - not the seriously drawn adventure strips.

When and where did you get your first significant break in your career?

I guess that would have to be when I started drawing Captain Marvel in late 1939.

How did the idea of Captain Marvel formulate?

Bill Parker worked up the character, along with many others who appeared in the first issue of WHIZ COMICS.

What position did Bill Parker have at Fawcett?

Bill was an Editor at Fawcett.When they decided to put out a comic book, Fawcett would put him to work, writing the stories, and me to illustrate them.

Did you have any assistants who helped you out on Cap, especially when CMA was published twice a month?

Pete Costanza was one of the first artists hired - to illustrate Golden Ar-row. Then he and I formed a partner-ship and set up a studio of our own, with Fawcett's help. We must have had a couple hundred assistants through the years - I remember Chic Stone, Marc Swayze, Kurt Schaffenburger, Jess Benton, Bob Kingett, Dave Berg (MAD Magazine) and oh so many many more.

Which writer, in your opinion,turned out the best work most consistantly - I'd be disappointed if you didn't say Otto Binder.

Right. Otto was the most consistent. Bill Woolfolk, Joe Willard, and others wrote superb stories - all good.

Was the George Pal, who wrote for you in 1940, the same one who later produced the George Pal Puppetoons?

I don't recall anything about him. When we were at peak production in the war years, we artists never saw any writers. The stories were cooked up by the editors and writers and sent to us for illustration. As we worked only on Captain Marvel stories, it was hard to know all the people who worked for Fawcett.

Why did Fawcett stop Captain Marvel when threatened with a lawsuit by National? It seems to me they could have continued with the series throughout the fight.

Well, they may have, but when you are running a big company, you do whats best for the company. Personally,I know nothing about what happened except that all comic production came to a halt on Captain Marvel. The Art Director gave me a letter of introduction to an artist in Miami. That was 18 years ago,and I've been in Miami ever since.

As I recall, you attempted a comeback with a comic hero called Fatman. I enjoyed it immensely and the artwork took me back to "Cap's" era.

The book didn't get distribution. Even people who knew about it wouldn't find it on the stands. So, it folded after 3 issues.

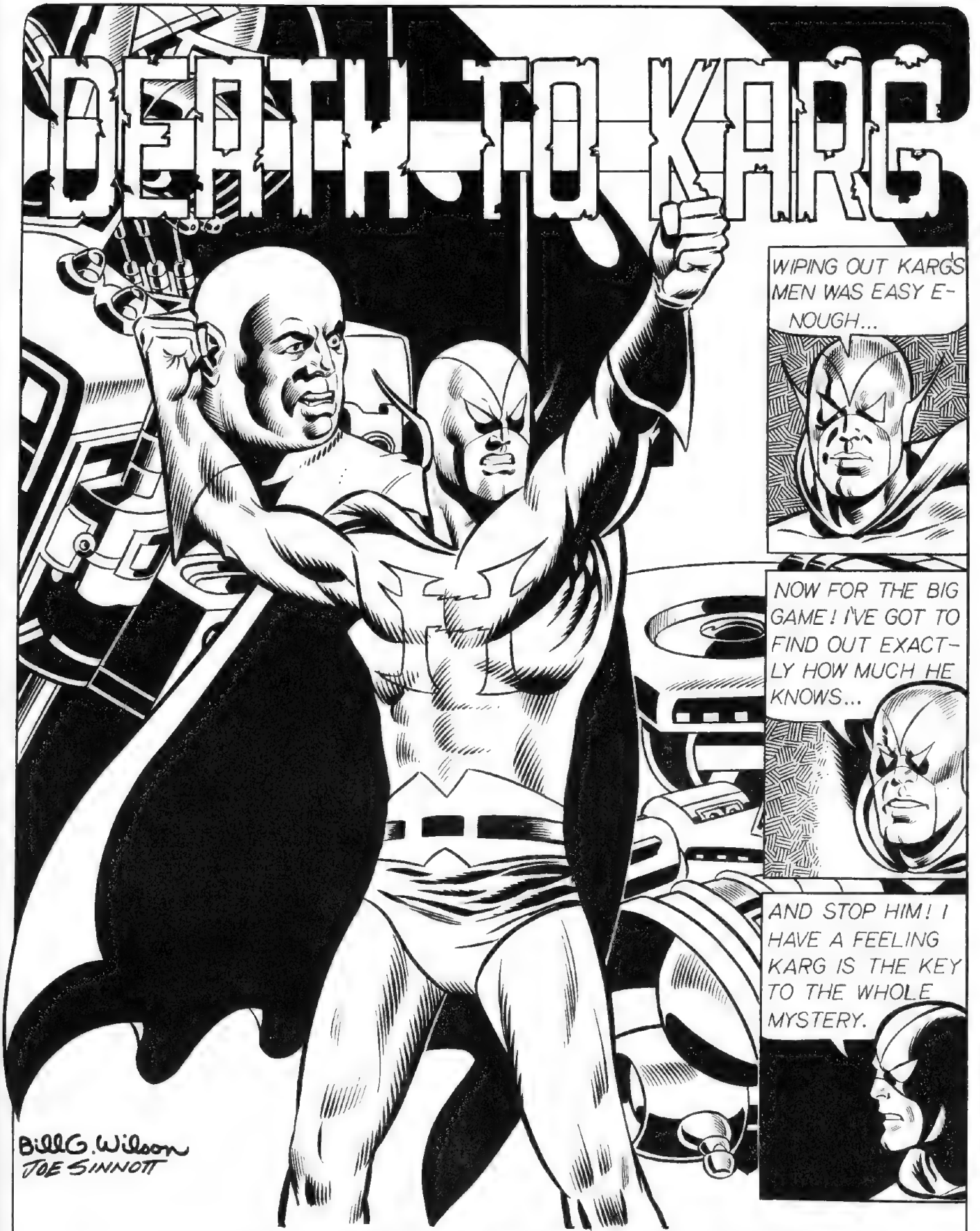
I read where Captain Marvel was originally called Capt. Thunder, and that WHIZ COMICS NO. 1 never made the newsstands. Is this true?

Yes, Cap was originally called Capt. Thunder. I had to change the copy, but no one ever told me why.WHIZ NO. 1 was called the "ash-can copy", published only to send to Washington to secure copyright. I saw a copy of it - it was in black and white and only a few pages long. It was not put on the market, as it was incomplete.

Finally, could you bring us up to date with what happened in your career since the demise of Captain Marvel until now?

Actually, I've been a commercial illustrator all my life. It just happened that from 1940 to 1953 I illustrated Capt. Marvel stories. I'm now back in other kinds of illustration - anything from nuts and bolts for manufacturing catalogs to huge color renderings of real estate developments. It's a lot more fun than the comic book grind, and it pays better too.

IN THE SPACE OF A FEW SHORT YEARS, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE KNOWN AS
HYPERMAN
HAS EXPERIENCED MUCH MORE THAN AN ORDINARY MAN COULD STAND...
A SCIENTIST... A SUPER-HERO... A FUGITIVE... A TIME-TRAVELER... ALL ONE AND THE SAME MAN. THIS IS A MAN HAUNTED BY THE PAST... A MAN WHO, IN THAT PAST, HAS SURVIVED AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION, GAINED SUPER-HUMAN ABILITIES, ESCAPED SABOTAGE CHARGES, BATTLED MANY STRANGE AND FORMIDABLE FOES, AND EVEN TRANSCENDED TIME. FANTASTIC? YES. IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE. FACT OR FANTASY? WHO KNOWS! BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE: THIS IS A SICK AND TROUBLED MAN, INTENT ON DEALING WITH KARG, WHO HAS ALL OF THE ANSWERS. IT IS TO THIS FOE THAT HYPERMAN MAKES A PROMISE, A FATEFUL PROMISE...
BA-ROOOOOOOOM!
10 C
VOL. 87, No. 239
THE DAILY NEWS
TODAY—Windy, snow.
LAB EXPLOSION KILLS TEN
by William G. Wilson, Jr.
Daily News Staff Writer
A Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory scientist was nounced dead on McKeesport


DEATH TO KARG
WIPING OUT KARG'S MEN WAS EASY E-NOUGH...
NOW FOR THE BIG GAME! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT EXACT-LY HOW MUCH HE KNOWS...
AND STOP HIM! I HAVE A FEELING KARG IS THE KEY TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY.
Bill G. Wilson
JOE SINNOTT

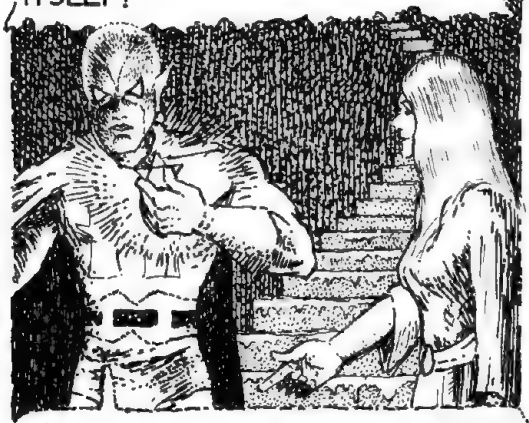
Written by TOM FAGAN Illustrated by BILL WILSON

SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE VOW, THE ROOM IS CATAPULTED INTO BLACKNESS! A DARKNESS...HEAVY...COMPLETE...
BOOM!
WON'T WORK, KARG! I MAY BE NEW AT THIS BUT I'VE READ ENOUGH COMIC BOOKS TO KNOW... THIS IS THE FIRST STEP!
HE LOOKED UPON THESE LOST SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY AND INSTANTLY KNEW...
HA HA HA HA HA HA
GOOD LORD! I'M IN AN... INSANE ASYLUM!!!
HE BARRICADED THE FALLEN WALL AND TURNED TO SEE... A FORM OUTLINED IN MOONGLOW...
HER VOICE BETRAYED NO EMOTION!
YOU! THE ONE I SAW IN THE OTHER WORLD!
YES, YOU AND I, DUE TO THE ANCIENT ONES, HAVE TRAVELED CENTURIES TOGETHER. YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, AND BACK AGAIN TO TODAY!
AT HER TOUCH, A SECTION OF FLOOR SLID AWAY...
NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS! YOU WANT KARG! I'LL HELP YOU GET HIM!

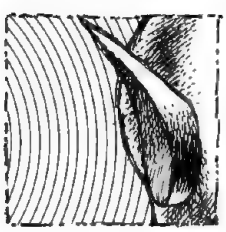
HE GRABBED UP A .357 MAGNUM HANDGUN FROM AN UNCONSCIOUS GUARD...

SHE HANDED HIM A STAR-SHAPED FORM. THOUGH OF GREY-GREEN STONE, IT GLOWED WITH A POWER OF ITS OWN!

HOW FAR HAD THEY DESCENDED HYPERMAN COULD ONLY GUESS... AND THERE WAS FURTHER DOWNWARD STILL TO GO... IN A DARKNESS LIGHTED ONLY BY A HELL-GREEN FIRE WITHIN THE STONE ITSELF!



THOUSANDS OF FEET DEEPER STILL IN THAT AWFUL BLACKNESS CAME THE MUTED ECHO OF FOOTSTEPS... FRANTIC... FLEEING!



HYPERMAN'S BAT-LIKE HEARING ENABLED HIM TO EASILY AVOID STALACTITES AND OTHER OUT-CROPPING MINERAL FORMATIONS...

PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFL
CTHULHU R'LYEH
WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN
KARG!
THE NAME EXPLODED IN HATE FROM HYPERMAN'S LIPS!
YOU'RE TOO LATE, HYPERMAN! AND YOU! YOU'RE HELPING HIM!
WELL! NOW YOU BOTH DIE!
CRAIG RUSSELL/
Bill G. Wilson
FOOL! I MAY BE DYING, BUT YOU HAVEN'T WON! I'VE UNLEASHED HIM!
IÄ! CTHULHU! IÄ!

CTHULHU!
Bill G. Wilson / DAN L. ADKINS 6

BLAM BLAM!
A SPAWN OF STILL-BORN NIGHTMARES... A HORROR THE MIND COULDN'T IMAGINE--VOICE COULDN'T TELL. IT SLITHERED ON TOWARD HIM... TENTACLES REACHING...
ENERGY BOLTS, BEAMS, AND BLASTS PROVED AS USELESS AS TEARING SLUGS OF LEAD.
YOU CREEPING MASS FROM HELL! CAN NOTHING STOP YOU?
THE STONE. USE THE STONE!
IT GIBBERED AND SALIVATED... IT SCREECHED... FLOPPING BACKWARDS FROM THE DREADED SIGHT!
THE STONE! HURL THE STONE!
7

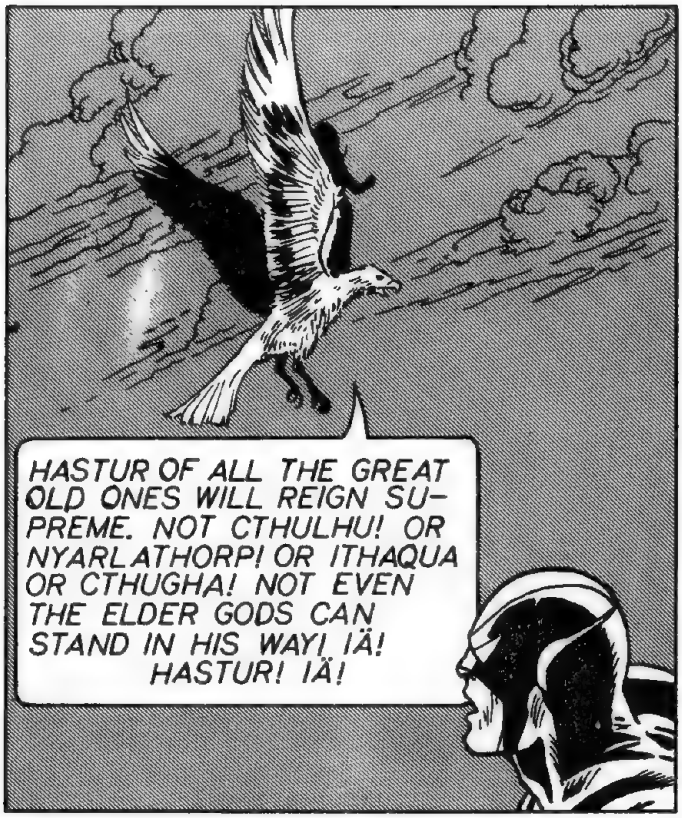
LANDSLIDE THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW EARTH'S SURFACE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BEDLAM! HYSTERICAL SCREAMS SOUND OVER CRACKLING FLAMES!
THOSE POOR WRETCHES! THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE! NOT UNLESS I...
FORGET THE HEROICS, AND GET US OUT OF HERE!
OKAY, HANG ON! I'LL COME BACK FOR THEM!
Bill G. Wilson / FRITZ '72
8

SPARKS SPIRALED TOWARD THE STARS AS WITH A GREAT SIGH THE FLAME-TORTURED ASYLUM COLLAPSED INTO BURNING RUBBLE!
MY GOD! I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN THERE!

IN HIS GRIEF, HE FAILED TO HEAR —— HER CHANT AND ITS ECHOING REPLY!
IÄ! HASTUR! IÄ! CF'AYAK 'VULGTMN, VUGTLAGLN, VULGTMN!

A STRANGE SERVANT HAD ANSWERED HER SUMMONS!
LISTEN WELL AND KNOW, HYPERMAN, THERE WILL COME A TIME WHEN THE GREAT OLD ONES WILL AGAIN RULE! NO ONE CAN STOP DESTINY!

YOU SEE, KARG WAS MY FATHER. HE CAPTURED YOU AND INJECTED YOU WITH THE HYPNO-DRUG TO LEARN THE SECRET OF YOUR POWERS. MY FATHER WAS HUNGRY FOR POWER. HE WANTED TO HARNESS YOUR POWERS TO FREE CTHULHU, BUT WHEN YOU RESISTED THE DRUG'S EFFECTS, HE BLINDLY TOOK THE TASK UPON HIMSELF. I AM THE HAND-MAIDEN OF HASTUR. AS SUCH, I HAD TO STOP HIM!


HASTUR OF ALL THE GREAT OLD ONES WILL REIGN SUPREME. NOT CTHULHU! OR NYARLATHORP! OR ITHAQUA OR CTHUGHA! NOT EVEN THE ELDER GODS CAN STAND IN HIS WAY! IÄ! HASTUR! IÄ!

HER FINAL WORDS DRIFTED BACK TO HIM FROM ON HIGH!
I LEAVE YOU THEN A LEGACY! KNOW YOU NOW THAT KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT KNOWLEDGE IS ALSO MADNESS! AND IT IS NOT FOR THE WEAK, SUCH AS YOU HYPERMAN, TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST THESE HELLISH BEINGS!
FAREWELL!

HOW LONELY CAN A MAN BE! IS IT THE LONELINESS IN HIS SOUL THAT MAKES THE NIGHT SUDDENLY SEEM DARKER, THE STARS SHINE IN ICY CHILL...THE WIND MORE BITING THAN BEFORE! OR IS IT THE THOUGHTS REFUSING TO STAY BURIED IN THE PRISON OF HIS MIND!

BECAUSE OF ME HOW MANY ARE DEAD! HOW MANY MORE WILL DIE! 'ATOMIC AVENGER' I'VE BEEN CALLED... 'ATOMIC ASSASSIN' IS MORE LIKE IT!
Bill G. Wilson /
DOUG POTTER
END

LETTERS

to THE COLLECTOR
1535 Oneida Dr.
Clairton, Pa. 15025

Logo by DON NEWTON

Bill Cantey
809 Stonefield Avenue
Charleston, S. C. 29412

Thank you for *The Collector #25*.I read it immediately upon receipt.

Fryxell's and Reynolds' "The Real Jack Kirby" was a superb object lesson for amateur psychologists and other intellectual pinheads. Although the current Kirby titles offer a wealth of raw material for the seeker of symbolism, they are still over ninety percent pure entertainment.--This fan elects to withhold any comments on the series until they reach their "pyramiding" conclusion(s). At which time, no doubt, a mad scramble will ensue to obtain what may finally be recognized as Kirby's greatest contribution to the medium. And as Tom Fagan aptly observed, "Kirby might well be described as: THE ALL-FATHER OF COMICS."

Donald Wong's work has a professional sparkle that *cannot* be learned. His illustrations would provide eye-pleasing "grace-notes" to *any* fan (or pro)article.

I'm crazy about Hanley's "GREEN HORN"; I hope it will be reproduced in its entirety when (and if) it's completed.

Strangely enough, I don't recall "The Flying Dutchman". although I readily remember comics from the same era. Still,an article on a Golden Age Great is always welcome, especially one by Tom Fagan.

Bob Kirkland's "Graphic Adventure Unlimited" touched, with humor, a serious subject. What, I wonder, is the future of fanzines? If fandom increases in size and success, and continues to attract the attention of professional publishers, will newszines and adzines be the only survivors?

But now is now; and *THE COLLECTOR* <u>is</u> a finer fanzine as well as a superb creative outlet.

Beautiful Black cover, and terrific *related* interior illos by Newton, Wong, Jones, and others. They must have been well pleased with your printing and presentations. Congratulations on another fine job.

Many thanks for your kind comments, Bill. Though this issue lacks any type of humorous "thought" pieces, I think the serious interviews, autobiogs, and articles (including your own fine piece) will get their respective points across just about as well as the humor pieces did last issue; perhaps even more. I, for one, enjoy this type of discussion of controversial topics, and I feel this issue's letter column is a step in the right direction, toward the type of letter column I've always wanted for TC: the type that people <u>want</u> to read.

Vincent Marchesano
19 Richwill Rd., Apt. #308
Hamilton, Ontario
CANADA

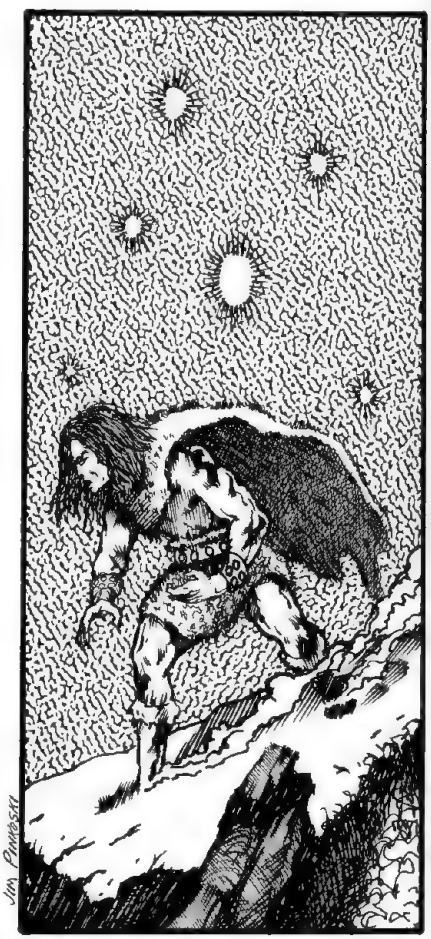
The Collector is one of the few fanzines that I really enjoy throughout.With good reason. You have been consistent in printing fine material...beautiful covers well-written articles, well-drawn illustrations, and best of all a cheap price tag. You really cannot miss. I am sure that all those writing you have told you that the work you put into the zine is appreciated. Not every editor can boast the fact that he does all the work that's involved, such as typing, colour overlays shooting negs, masking, and printing. It is a lot of work and I know, since I do shoot and mask my own negs, and even assist in printing. It is a hard, tirsome, job, but I'm sure you find it enjoyable. *[Only after it's done! --BGW]*

All of this work goes into one of the finest zines around. While others may have fantastic covers & mediocre interiors, you put out fantastic covers and quality interiors. The interior layouts are well done; everything is broken - up well with illoes. I find that you have very little tombstoning in your long articles. This makes everything much easier to read.

The only complaints I can see on the cover are that your colour registration is off in some places. Once you improve this, there should be no stopping you. The other complaint concerns Darkseid's lips. The solid white makes him look like Al Jolson in a fright mask.*[I tried my best to follow Bill Black's color suggestions, but you can't win them all! --BGW]*

Keep the crosswords. I ejoyed them immensely. I hope that you are harbouring thoughts on retaining it.

Many thanks to Fryxell and Reynolds for their satirical commentary on a pitfall too many fan writers have. Too many go overboard and read too much in -to something that is simply entertain -ment. Bob Kirkland made the other fine point of the issue. I just hope it got across to many of the readers. If you think GAU had a great lineup for their 1981 issue, jast wait until Jim Steranko gives me his 21-page original adventure strip which he promised will be inked by Neal Adams, and written by Harlan Ellison. He even hoodwinked Jack Kirby to put in the fingernails on all of the hands in the



story. *[Be forewarned gullible TC readers out there! This is but a "slick" come-on to get you to buy Vince's own pocketzines! They aren't bad, though, even without a 21-page Steranko strip. Give 'em a try! --BGW]*

I must say that it is good to see a zine that reproduces the blacks on illustrations so well. It hurts to see a piece of work by pros and amateurs alike slaughtered by ink smudges, and filled-in zip-a-tone. I really enjoyed seeing my illustration come out so well. This fact alone makes doing work for you a real pleasure.

As Kirby is the "All Father of Comics", so must Tom Fagan be the "All-Father of Fan-Writers". His material is just great to read. There are few fan writers I enjoy, and he is at the top of the list. After his convention write-up I am sure few will dispute this fact. If you ever let him out of his shackles, send him to me,will you?

Byron Preiss had some good ideas for future conventions. Capt. George Henderson used a portable videa taping unit at the Toronto Cosmic Con. He interviewed all the pros and many fans. Considering the numbers of pros there, he did one hell of a lot of work, but he enjoyed himself as I am sure everyone else did.

I am sure a lot of pros receive your zine, so I'd like to extend my thanks to all those who made the jaunt to the Toronto Cosmic Con. I think we had more pros there than we had fans. The list is too large to mention. So, thanks to all of them, and to you Bill for letting me throw in this last paragraph.

Thanks, and continued success...

Many thanks, Vince. Your artwork is regrettably missed in this issue,but here's hoping next issue will contain that much more of your fine art!

NO JONES!

Remember that full page advertisement in the last issue of THE COLLECTOR promising an article on Will Eisner's Wonder Man by Jim Jones? Since these are the final pages of this issue, I'm sure you won't find that article in here.Why, you ask? No, your heartless editor did not cut it at the last minute so that he'd have another 1/2 page to ramble on about nothing... No, lazy Jim Jones did not buckle down and forget it altogether.The thing is, other pressing things took up too much of Jim's time for him to do a really good job on it, and he notified me well in advance of the situation. I'm sorry to say, this is much the same type of thing that has happened with me with this issue of TC... Failing to realize exactly how big a job I'd gotten myself into with the addition of more pages and more color, I've waited until the last minute to produce this issue, and am now paying for it by getting behind in correspondence and other things.Subsequently, some orders received or being processed during this time may be screwed-up. If you find your order late, let me know about it right away, either by call or letter... But notify me. In some cases, orders never even reach me, and if you don't tell me about a problem with your order, how can I check into it and speed up the processing?

HYPERMAN
A SCIENTIST... A SUPER-HERO... A FUGITIVE... A TIME-TRAVELER... ALL ONE AND THE SAME MAN. THIS IS A MAN HAUNTED BY THE PAST... A MAN WHO, IN THAT PAST, HAS SURVIVED AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION GAINED SUPER-HUMAN ABILITIES, ESCAPED SABOTAGE CHARGES, BATTLED MANY STRANGE AND FORMIDABLE FOES, AND EVEN TRANSCENDED TIME. FANTASTIC? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE. FACT OR FANTASY? WHO KNOWS! BUT, ONE THING'S FOR SURE: THIS IS A SICK AND TROUBLED MAN, INTENT ON DEALING WITH KARP, WHO HAS ALL OF THE ANSWERS. IT IS TO THIS FOE THAT HYPERMAN MAKES A PROMISE, A FATEFUL PROMISE...
BARO... OMM!
10¢
THE DAILY NEWS
LAB EXPLOSION KILLS TEN

...about this issue's HYPERMAN comic strip:

Good response to issue #23's 3-page Hyperman strip in which Joe Sinnott, John Fantucchio, and Bob Kline inked one page each prompted this issue's 10-page "epic". The process of having one inker ink two successive pages was planned so that no two inking styles "clash". Each time that the page is turned, the reader sees a new, fresh inking style that seems to flow across both pages to produce one drawing. Whether or not this new approach has succeeded or not still remains to be seen, until your comments begin showing up in the mailbox...

ED ROMERO lends a surrealistic -type approach to the 3rd and 4th pages, giving a hint to the variety of different inking styles to come in following pages. [Perhaps..... for the next issue we can arrange for a look at what those two pages might have looked like had Ed inked them in a straight comic-book-style.]

The 5th and 6th pages are the only two pages not inked by the same artist. Why? Because CRAIG RUSSELL is one of two artists now working with DAN ADKINS on material for Marvel, & he graciously inked the first page of the "set". You'll be seeing a LOT of Craig's work in the coming months because it is FANTASTIC! I've seen a few of his western and s-f illustrations, and they are almost unbelievable in regard to the intricacy of the lines, which tends to make them almost 3-dimensional! Hopefully, we'll be able to persuade Craig to do some illustrations for our #27 so that you, too, can enjoy his work as much as I do. [A tip of the hat, to Craig for spending 12 HOURS on the strip, and to Dan for spending 5 HOURS on the full-pager! And THIS was in a pinch, too!]

PARAGON 4

UP AND AT 'EM, S.G. I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR A DAY AND YOU FALL DOWN ON THE JOB!
OOOHH! MY HEAD!
THE SHADE PROBES THE SURROUNDING AREA UNTIL...
William Black

PARAGON...FOR THE BEST IN LIMITED PRESS COMICS!!

PARAGON CHECKLIST

STILL AVAILABLE:

PARAGON #1 — $1.00
CAPTAIN MARVEL, STARMASTERS

PARAGON #3 — $1.00
GIRL FROM LSD , THE SHADE, H.P. LOVECRAFT, DR. FATE

PP#2- DARK CONTINENT— 60¢
TARA, JUNGLE GIRL...SHEENA...& CAPTAIN PARAGON

GOLDEN-AGE GREATS — $2.00

COMING SOON:

CAPTAIN PARAGON #1 — $1.00

BOOK STORES AND DEALERS... WRITE FOR QUANTITY DISCOUNTS.

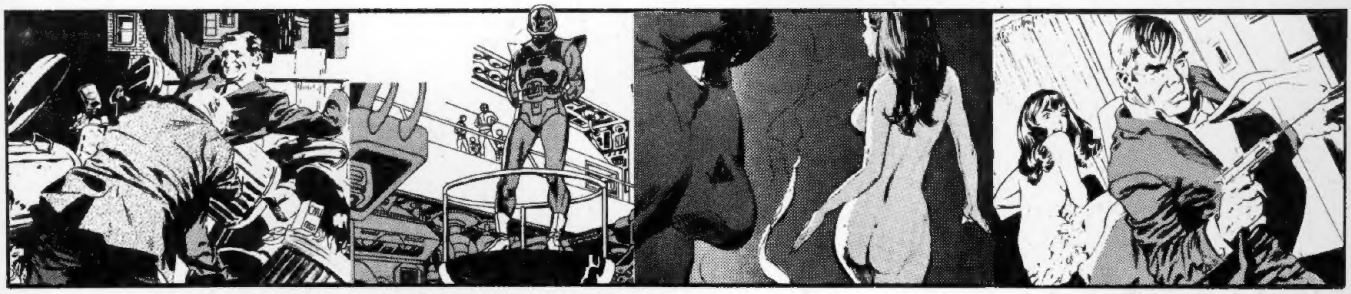
PARAGON NO. 4 - An eerie graveyard... desecrators of the dead... and the unearthly SHADE is the subject of this issue's color cover by JIM STERANKO. Inside more pages of articles and graphic stories than ever in this oversized edition. A six chapter illustory starring THE SHADE, THE DEFENDER and SPACE GUARDIAN entitled... THE WAND OF POWER...(written by Gary Brown and illustrated by William Black, Martin L. Greim and Bob Cosgrove.) sets the pace for PARAGON No. 4. Then there is a 7 page installment of THE GIRL FROM LSD... a real wild one this time. Also, science fiction by TOM FAGAN, Dark Zodiac by the Awesome Adriana, a lengthy look at Jack Kirby's THIRD WORLD OF CAPTAIN 3-D, THE MACABRE CINEMA... 7 pages of photos and reviews of recent horror films including pics of Vincent Price and Christopher Lee, a superb fantasy back cover by Stuart Smith and much, much more. 56 pages $1.50

PARAGON PUBLICATIONS

701 Shell Street / Tallahassee, Florida / 32303

THE ART OF

Gil Kane and Neal Adams



UNFINISHED WORKS: A PORTFOLIO — This epic publication is a real steal at only $1.50 a copy. It contains 36 pages of never before published art from His Name is . . . Savage! No. 2 & 3. These beautiful renditions are by Neal Adams, Gil Kane and Gray Morrow. Above are just a few of the panels from this fantastic publication brought to you by *Phase Publications*. Featured on the cover is a dynamic painting originally scheduled for Savage No. 3. Out in September, 1972. Only $1.50.

LIMITED EDITION POSTER
11" x 14" printed in Sepia tones
on textured 80 lb. cover paper.
Mailed flat with cardboard protection.
Each one *personally* signed by KEN BARR.
JUST $1.00
AVAILABLE NOW!

ALSO AVAILABLE:
Your 17" x 22" full color poster
of the **PHASE 1 cover painting**
by Ken Barr
Mailed in a sturdy mailing tube
Just $1.50
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